

SUGGESTIVE ESSAYS AND ORATIONS



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SUGGESTIVE

ESSAYS AND ORATIONS

Salutatories, Valedictories, Class Songs,
Orations, Essays, Addresses, Etc.

**For Commencement
and Other Occasions**

Compiled and arranged by Charles Reade



CHICAGO
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*Speech is the light, the morning of the mind:
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and shrouded in the soul.*

—Dryden.

PREFACE

It is gratifying to both author and publishers to know that this volume has been so kindly and generously received by the public. The many kind expressions of approval from readers have been a source of encouragement to the author, in appreciation of which he has thoroughly revised this book, from cover to cover, adding much new matter, and casting out such as has been found unwelcome.

In its present form it contains a large variety of the best speeches of our greatest orators, both past and present, which will serve as a strong foundation for those desirous of preparing something along similar lines. As the author had Commencement especially in mind when preparing the volume, a judicious selection of Salutatories, Valedictories, Class Songs, Class Mottoes, etc., will be found among its contents.

The few suggestions given for the preparation and delivery of the orations are not intended as a text-book in elocution, nor to make orators of every school or college graduate that may have access to the book; no, for this there are schools of oratory and volumes of books by authors more capable of giving advice on that subject.

The majority of our graduates have never before appeared in public, and probably never will do so again. To those, this thorough and pointed, but brief instruction is given in plain and simple language, that they may avoid the common mistakes made by young speakers. Surely what they wish, what you wish for them, is to make a creditable

showing for a brief period; that they may approach their graduation with agreeable anticipation, and not with anguish and apprehension. Most of our grammar schools, high schools and smaller colleges subject the graduates to a most unjust test in their Commencement Exercises. The pupil who makes the best showing is generally regarded by the audience as the one who has been the brightest and strongest pupil all through. The opposite is often true.

Let us then prepare the young man or young woman for their ordeal, that they may appear before the public with composure and confidence. This, with a well-prepared oration, will make Commencement a day of pleasant remembrance to pupils, teachers, parents and friends.

A chapter on "How to Make Commencement Successful" has also been added, with the hope that it may prove of much benefit to teachers handling this difficult problem.

THE AUTHOR.

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Suggestive Essays and Orations

ORATORY

THE WORD "Oratory" is derived from the Latin verb *oro*, meaning to plead or beseech, and now designates the art of producing conviction or persuasion by means of spoken language.

Oratory is the greatest of arts. It is not, as is often supposed, the gift of nature alone; but, like other requirements, it is the reward of arduous efforts under the guidance of consummate skill. Perfection, in this art as well as in all others, is the work of time and labor, prompted by true feeling and guided by correct thought. Any person possessed of ordinary faculties, who will pay the price in labor, can be made master of the art of ready and forcible public utterance.

THE ORATION

Too MUCH time cannot be spent in the selection of a subject. Choose one with reference to the audience and the occasion—a subject with which you are best acquainted—that you may be able to put the spirit of the speaker into your selection. Get a clear understanding of the subject in your mind; master it thoroughly as to meaning and manner of rendering—make it a part of yourself.

THE ORATOR

CULTIVATE ease and naturalness. Have all your powers under command. Take possession of yourself, as in this way only can you take possession of your audience. If you are ill at ease, your listeners will be also. Always speak as though there were only one person in the hall whom you had to convince. Plead with him, argue with him, amuse him, touch him, but feel that your audience is one being whose confidence and affection you want to win.

Once you have chosen or prepared your oration, do not tire in repeating it aloud, with such action and emphasis as attention will suggest, and improve until you have acquired that facility in the utterance which is essential to an effective delivery before an audience. Remember that nothing is denied to industry and perseverance; and that nothing valuable can be obtained without them.

Talk with your audience, not at them or over their heads. Keep ever in mind that your work is distinctly and wholly for others, that you speak to please, instruct, to inspire your fellow-beings, and not to exhibit yourself and your powers; then there will be no danger of self-consciousness.

POSITION

The correct position of the speaker is assumed by throwing the weight of the body on the left foot and advancing the right foot three or four inches, bending the right knee slightly. Keep the head erect and the shoulders thrown back. This position may be gracefully reversed by throwing the weight of the body upon the right foot and advancing the left. Do not make a bow of any sort, either at the opening or closing of an address.

Banish all care and anxiety from the mind, let the forehead be perfectly smooth, the lungs entirely quiescent, and make every effort from the abdominal region. To expand the thorax and become straight, strike the palms of the hands together before, and the backs of them behind, turning the thumbs upward; do all with a united action of the mind and body; be in earnest, but husband your breath and strength; breathe often (always through your nostrils), and be perfectly free, independent and natural.

THE VOICE

The voice, perhaps the most important part of all, should not be forgotten. It ranges high, middle and low, in obedience to the will. Low pitch is the tone expressive of serious thought, of awe, of reverence, of adoration, of horror and of despair. Middle pitch is the tone of conversation. High pitch is the tone of gayety, joy and gladness; of courage and exultation; and of shouting and calling.

Strive to attain a smooth, sweet, rich voice, as such a voice exerts the greatest influence upon all who listen; its ever-varying intonations constitute one of the greatest charms of a good speaker. No voice is adapted for public use if it is not distinct. It must be sharply cut and well defined to be easily heard and understood.

Practice breathings. Stand erect, with the shoulders thrown back, and take in a full breath, filling the lungs to their utmost capacity. The breath should be emitted at times slowly; again, more rapidly; again, with quick, explosive force.

The human voice is capable of great cultivation, yet always within certain limits. It should not be strained or

overworked. With a full breath give a prolonged sound, as you would in calling to some one at a distance. Do this on different keys, from the lowest to the highest. Practice quick explosive sounds, and learn to whisper ; for a forcible whisper can be heard by every person in the largest audience.

SPEECH

Do not hurry your enunciation of words, precipitating syllable over syllable, and word over word ; nor melt them together into a mass of confusion, in pronouncing them ; do not abridge or prolong them too much, nor swallow, nor force them, but deliver them from your vocal and articulating organs, as golden coins from the mint, accurately impressed, perfectly finished, and elegantly struck, distinct, in due succession, and of full weight.

A good enunciation gives to every vowel and consonant its just proportion and character ; none being omitted, no one blending with another in such a manner as to produce confusion, and none so carelessly executed as to cause mistake in the hearer, by its resemblance to another. "The first step toward becoming a good elocutionist," says Comstock, "is a correct articulation. A public speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulates correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may indeed extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in confusion. Of the former voice, not the smallest vibration is wasted ; every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches ; and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated."

EXPRESSION

Human emotions write themselves on the face. You know from observation how persons look when surprised, angered, grieved, terror-stricken, happy, courageous, resolute, etc. Let every emotion be portrayed by your face and features, according as the thought and sentiment require it.

GESTURE

Gesture includes all positions and motions of the head, face and limbs, employed to enforce or illustrate an idea, emotion or passion. A look of the eye, an expression of the countenance, a movement of the hand, often convey more than words can express.

Make gestures only where they are required. A few, well placed and suited to the thought, are better than many given at random.

Gesture aids expression; it should be graceful; emphatic when required, preceding slightly the sentiment you are to express; and given only when it will add to the effect. Avoid thinking about your hands; let them hang straight down by your side at first; by and by your subject will carry you away, and gesture will be inevitable.

EMPHASIS

Proper emphasis gives life and spirit to spoken discourse. If no emphasis is used, the speaking becomes heavy and lifeless, and the meaning would often be ambiguous or indefinite. While if the wrong emphasis is given, the meaning is perverted. Emphasize only the words or group of words that express leading ideas. Further than this no general rule for the employment of emphasis can be given,

as the disposition and individuality of the speaker must constantly break through set rules in this regard. The speaker must study the piece or thought he is to present, attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiment he is to communicate, and then employ emphasis accordingly.

A word may be made emphatic by an intense whisper; by a strong rising, falling or circumflex slide; by prolonging vowel or liquid sounds; or by rhetorical pauses. Silence is often the most eloquent speech; but care should be taken not to make the pause too lengthy, else a dreadful solemnity and dullness will result.

PARTS OF AN ORATION

AN ORATION may be divided into three distinct parts: Introduction, Discussion and Conclusion.

THE INTRODUCTION

A good introduction is exceedingly valuable and is to be sought for with great solicitude, if it does not readily present itself. Some kind of an introduction is inevitable, for there will always be a first moment when silence is broken and our thoughts introduced.

Make the introduction short. Avoid an apology or personal reference; this is the worst kind of an introduction. A compliment to an audience, when a truthful and manly compliment can be given, is a most pleasant and agreeable step toward the good-will of those we address. Effective introductions can also be constructed from current topics and newspaper events. Another good mode is that of locality. The people of any town may be presumed

familiar with the objects or events of interest for which their own place is celebrated. Citing some relevant remark made by some noted person, or some remark so pointed in itself as to at once arrest attention, often forms a very useful introduction.

We have here, then, five principles upon which appropriate introductions may be constructed: Compliments, Current Events, Local Allusions, Citations, Things seen, heard or imagined.

THE DISCUSSION

The passage from the introduction to the discussion should be smooth and gradual. An interest must be maintained throughout the discussion by working up toward a climax until the close of the speech; otherwise, if the crisis is reached before the end, your listeners lose interest in the rest of the discourse.

Be brief; drive your thoughts into the smallest number of vivid, expressive words, and say precisely what you mean, in as few words as possible. Don't let your audience guess the climax, or all interest will be lost and the audience wearied. Use words that exactly express your ideas, and words that are familiar; the charms of melody and association are not to be despised, but they are secondary.

THE CONCLUSION

There are three principal ways of concluding a speech. One of the most graceful is to condense a clear view of the whole argument and tendency of the address into a few words, and leave the summing up thus made to produce its own effect. Another and very common mode is to close with an application or with practical remarks, closely con-

nected with the remainder of the address. A third method is simply to break off when the last item is finished. This is by no means the easiest form of conclusion, but, rightly managed, it is one of the most effective.

SELECTED SUBJECTS FOR THE ORATION

1. Municipal Ownership.
2. True Success.
3. Is Poverty a Curse?
4. The Idle Rich.
5. The Value of Health.
6. Uncertainty of Life.
7. Friendship.
8. America's Progress.
9. Life is Short; Make the Most of It.
10. Never Run in Debt.
11. Art and Morality.
12. Electricity.
13. Trusts and Labor Unions.
14. Peace and War.
15. Advantages of Education.
16. The Negro and the South.
17. The Force of Habit.
18. Life and Death.
19. New Discoveries; Radium, the Airship.
20. Woman's Work in the World.
21. Great Talkers, Small Thinkers.
22. The Chinese Question.
23. The Panama Canal.
24. As Ye Sow, So Shall Ye Reap.
25. The Almighty Dollar.

26. The Origin of Names.
27. Eloquence.
28. No Sense Like Common Sense.
29. Speech is Silver; Silence is Golden.
30. Advertising.
31. Underground Tunnels.
32. Abraham Lincoln.
33. Courtesy and Cheerfulness.
34. World's Fairs.
35. Uses of Travel.
36. Memories.
37. An Ancient Roman in one of our Modern Cities.
38. Modern Improvements.
39. Newspapers.
40. The Secret of Greatness.
41. Uses and Abuses of Strikes.
42. The Growth and Decay of Nations.
43. Progress of Civilization.
44. The Dark Ages.
45. Arbitration.
46. Woman in Politics.
47. Country Life.
48. Public Opinion.
49. Religion.
50. The Russo-Japanese War.
51. The Great West.
52. The New Education.
53. Moral Courage.
54. Our National Holidays.
55. Sleep and Death: A Comparison.
56. Influence of Music.
57. Do Flowers Sleep?

58. Money: A Blessing or a Curse?
59. Wisdom is Wealth.
60. Books.
61. American Sports.
62. The Credit System.
63. Capital Punishment.
64. Science To-day.
65. The Two Paths.
66. Triumphs of Time.
67. Is Our Treatment of the Indian Right or Wrong?
68. The Future of the Negro.
69. Reminiscences.
70. Is Life Worth the Living?
71. The Uses of Poetry.
72. The Magic of Kindness.
73. Language of Nature.
74. Was the Moon ever Inhabited?
75. The World's Industries.
76. American Buildings.
77. Wireless Telegraphy.
78. Evolution of American Patriotism.
79. Modern Warfare.
80. Ideals and Realities.
81. Beacons of History.
82. Puritanism.
83. The Power of Music.
84. The Reign of Corporations.
85. Learning is Life.
86. The Huguenots.
87. The Majesty of Trifles.
88. Achievements of Women.
89. Night Brings out the Stars.

90. Earnestness as an Element of Success.
91. Every Man the Architect of His Own Fortune.
92. Life's Dreams, or the Visions of the Future.
93. Protection *vs.* Free Trade.
94. Joan of Arc.
95. One Hundred Years of Progress.
96. Labor and Genius.
97. The Benefits of Industry.
98. Upper Currents.
99. Makers of History.
100. Energy and Its Accomplishments.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLASS DAYS

SALUTATORY—FOR A GRAMMAR SCHOOL

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: On the part of my teachers and classmates, I heartily welcome you here to witness the last exercises we shall perform as a class. Many pleasant days have we spent together, around which the fondest memories will ever cling, and of which we can only think with a tear of regret that they have passed away so soon.

We have tried to perform our studies to the best of our ability, and feel that we have completed the course of study to the satisfaction of our parents and our teachers. Our success we owe to the teachers who have so wisely and carefully guided us; who have helped us over the rough places, roused our energies, and beckoned us on by suggestion and explanation—but from now on their duties cease. Soon we shall know the realities, and our friends to-night will either continue their applause or they will pity the failures we make.

Our friends, who have taken such an interest in our work, who watch our every move to-day, to you these exercises may recall the time when you passed through the same ordeal that we must pass through to-day—the hard work of the school-boy and the school-girl, their hopes, aspirations and failures. You may recall, also, the pleasure of success and the flush of triumph—what an influence for the better, and what an inspiration were the words or actions of those

you most admire. We ask you, then, to hear us patiently and criticize charitably while we endeavor to amuse you, for our only wish is that you may be amply repaid for your attendance and attention. Should you find a few grains worthy of note, we trust you will be liberal with your admiration.

The exercises to-day are quite lengthy, and somewhat varied, so I will not detain you further. I again bid you welcome to our exercises in the name of the entire class; and to my classmates, I thank you for the honor conferred upon me, and hope our parting to-day will be only the beginning of a happy and prosperous future that has attended our thoughts by day and our dreams by night.

VALEDICTORY—FOR A GRAMMAR SCHOOL

To THE friends gathered here, to the teachers who have so wisely guided and counseled us, and to our fellow-students and classmates, it is my privilege to give a farewell greeting. This day finishes another year of our school life, and many of us have come to-day for the last time. The more fortunate of us may go to high school, the rest of us must go forth in this wide world, put our hands to the wheel of active business life, and learn to shift for ourselves. But wherever we go we shall find abundant cause to remember our school with gratitude. Our teachers who have labored so faithfully for us, whose patience we have often tried, whose best-laid plans we have often foiled by our heedlessness, our friends who have taken such an interest in our work, who have helped us through our many difficulties, our dear old school whose halls have echoed with our tread or resounded with our voices, are vivid memories of our past

connection which forbid us to forget each other. May we long cherish these memories, and let us tell to those who have come after us, the pleasures of our school-days, our blunders, our failures, our triumphs, so that they may profit by our experience.

And now, dear classmates, we have come to the parting of the road. For years we have traveled the broad highway together, and save an occasional by-path or some shady nook to ensnare the unguarded, we stand to-day beneath the guide-post. To-day we have to decide which of these two roads we shall take. In the distance I see nothing that would mar our happiness or check our progress should we mistake our way. Both roads are apparently well traveled, but it seems to me that the road to the left has a gentle, an almost imperceptible slope downward, while the right fork seems quite level for a considerable distance; but through the long vista it is apparent the road inclines upward. I cannot see where the road again branches, or where it ends, but I am sure it will be best to gain the high ground, for there we will be better able to decide on our future course. So let us take the road indicated by the guide-post as the road to Success, and if any of our friends chance to pass this way, they will see our footprints and know we are just ahead. Let us make sure that we leave distinct impressions as we go, and let the impressions be natural, so as not to mislead our friends, for they will look for characteristics peculiar to us. Now, let us start all together, not to-morrow, or to-night, but at once, and to-morrow we will pitch our tents, beside those whose names are inscribed high on the banner of truth, uprightness, honesty and sobriety, which are the fundamental principles of greatness.

And now the graduating class of this year bids you all

a respectful farewell, with hopes that prosperity and happiness attend us all in the future as in the past.

SALUTATORY—FOR A HIGH SCHOOL

HAPPY—yes, we are happy to-night; how could graduates be otherwise? We are glad that such an enthusiastic audience of friends and instructors have gathered to greet us on this our graduating night. We are pleased to complete our high school course, and to move on in our development to, what we trust may be, truly influential lives; that we may be in future years an honor to our past training, to ourselves and to our country.

The class of 19— heartily welcome you this evening to their program of love and praise to our own dear country, into whose broad fields each one of us must soon pass to begin life's work. May your presence here this evening help us to take advantage of the bright and promising opportunities of our time, as we hope we have taken advantage of them in the past four years.

We must progress, for to-night is our commencement. The highest success ought to be ours. Each day opportunities for a finer growth, derived from the knowledge of literature and art and science, the chance of better culture through religion and wise association and travel, the way to a more ideal character is open to every boy and girl who is awake to all the possibilities of our land. Do we not all have equal opportunities, all who live beneath the folds of the stars and stripes, that dear emblem of liberty, fraternity and equality? We are a great people. Ours is a great country. Great are the advantages which we enjoy in the present form of government; great are the privileges of the

present in the material universe; great are the present opportunities of the poor; very great indeed are the mental benefits of to-day, with a wealth of knowledge from the researches of past years and the greater researches of the present, and greatest of all are the religious advantages of to-day. May we all appreciate these opportunities and strive to succeed. Truly our own training demands that we accomplish a worthy work, humanity demands that we do our duty, and God demands that we do our best. So may each one, "Looking forward through the years, labor ever onward, unharmed by doubts or fears."

The past four years of strenuous study, the constant and daily association with teachers and companionship with one another, have been a training, have been a preparatory course for a greater school. To-night we are graduated from the high school either to a higher school of learning or to the school of active life. In either case, may we, adopting the thought of the great King Arthur to the present:

Reverence the king, as if he were our conscience,
And our conscience as our king.
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor our own word as if our God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity.

Again the class extends their most hearty and sincere welcome to all who have assembled to witness these exercises, and it most cordially invites your attention to the program for the evening. Welcome, parents, teachers and friends, thrice welcome is the greeting from the class of
19—.

VALEDICTORY—FOR A HIGH SCHOOL

WE, as a high-school class, have reached in our course of study what comes to all through patient perseverance—the end. There is always pleasure in accomplishment, in reaching a result, and there is gratification in the thought that we have, by conscientious work, reached the close of our school course, and are now ready to take a step beyond. The good results which we expect from our study are not to be considered wholly made up of acquired knowledge. A wise and thoughtful writer says: “The education received at school and college is but a beginning, and is mainly valuable in so far as it trains us in the habit of continuous application and enables us to educate ourselves after a definite plan and system.”

If our school life has given us true ideals, and a start toward a method of independent thought, it has done well and fulfilled its proper purpose. These we truly hope have been the results, and, feeling that we have been thus benefited, our thoughts turn to you, kind friends and patrons, in heartfelt gratitude for the educational advantages with which you have favored us.

We address you as friends—friends who have watched our progress year by year, and whose words of encouragement have often spurred us on to higher endeavor and stronger effort. The class of 19—sincerely thank you for your interest in the work of the past, as well as that shown on this occasion, and we aim and hope to become members of society, worthy the school so well established and maintained by this generous community, acting through their appointed school board. Nothing within its power to bestow, which could in any way aid or help us in our work,

has been withheld by the board, and we shall always remember the lasting benefits derived from their wise actions.

As we look back upon our record and think of all the intercourse of the school-room, as classmates together, thoughts of regret rise and steal away something of the pleasure of the day. Year after year, we have learned the same lessons, overcome similar trials, and shared the same school triumphs and pleasures. Our thoughts and interests have been one; but the day of graduation marks the first great change in our lives. The course of each of our classmates in the future will be different. Whatever rests in store for each in the future, it must surely be a life of greater activity and variety.

Wherever our lot may be cast, whether in pleasant places or among the thorns and briars of life's pathways, we shall often think of the old school-room, just how each pupil looked, remember some pleasant incident, and think how short those happy school-days were. We shall then know how to say, "Our school-days were the happiest of our life."

But we must say farewell, and break the ties that have long bound us as a class. Wherever you, my classmates, may go, whatever you may do, may you succeed in the life of usefulness, carrying with you ever the free and buoyant spirit of your school-days. Though we can never be classmates again, the class feeling of true friendship and sympathy need never cease.

But we say farewell, not only to former days and old friends, but harder than all to our dear teachers, who have daily thought and worked for us to make our school routine not a task, but a thing of pleasure and profit. The teacher who understands the particular wants of all his pupils, and who does all in his power to aid each in the needed direc-

tion, is doing a great work. Such teachers have been ours. Who guided and directed our thoughts, explained the hard places and showed us the important points of each lesson as we pursued a tiresome study? Who had such patience with failures and faults as our teachers? Who of my class but will say, "All that I have done as a pupil has been through the influence of my teachers. It is they who have shown me the true import of study."

The tenderest thoughts of all our school recollections are those concerning teacher and pupil in their daily intercourse. Regret, deep and lasting, fills the heart that it all must cease; that we shall never again receive the good counsel which has been so great an incentive to our efforts in study at school as well as at home. For the influence of a good teacher is not only seen in the direct work at school, but shows itself in the words and actions of the pupils, wherever they go.

It is with sadness akin to sorrow that we leave the school life, made so pleasant and instructive by their efforts. Still progressing, may the instructions and precepts given us day by day and week by week, guide each of us to take up and carry forward his or her life work.

Kind teachers, as pupils, we say farewell to you to-day, but nothing can remove from our minds the remembrance of all you have done for us, nor darken the picture of those bright school-days spent as classmates and teachers together.

But, mingled with these feelings for the past, come anticipations for the future, which still allure us on. Time speeds with flying feet, and all alike must follow. The curtain falls upon the past school-day scenes, but another and more glorious scene lies before our eyes—the morning of our manhood is breaking, and before us stretches far into

the distance widely diverging paths, which lead us ever onward to an unknown future.

Teachers and school companions, one and all, with a last lingering look at the setting sun of our high-school days shining with a tender radiance, clothing all the scene with glorious beauty, we turn and fix our gaze upon the day just dawning.

SALUTATORY—FOR A COLLEGE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The class of 19— extends to you a most cordial welcome.

To-day we stand on the threshold for which we have been striving for four long, yet seemingly short years. We stand there waiting our turn to enter upon the greater field which lies stretched before us. We must boldly tear aside the veil that hides the future from our view, and cast away with it our college privileges and pleasures, but the memories of the college so dear to us will ever be an inspiration when we assume the graver problems soon to confront us. Hope, courage and high purpose thrill our hearts. Before us lies the world. Grave are its responsibilities. Our equipment is good, our armor strong, so let us put our hands to the plow, and never look back until the nation sings the praises of her colleges for the men of brains they send forth.

Soon we leave as undergraduates, only to return in future years as Alumni, in an effort to review in a few short days those never-to-be-forgotten lessons acquired in the scholastic haunts of our beloved college. The time is now at hand when it is necessary for us as a class to part; but the ties of friendship which we have formed during our college course, we defy either time or circumstances to weaken. At times discouragements have assailed us, but

as a good cause makes a stout heart, we have pushed on, and in the future we will hold in grateful remembrance the yesterdays of our school years.

As the years roll on, our alma mater will remain in our hearts wreathed with glory, and the fondest memories of her will ever cling to us as we review the scenes of by-gone days and familiar faces—companions of our earlier years endeared to us by many a tie.

Like the rose, life is full of thorns, yet how easy it is to avoid their needle points. So let not the knowledge of the nearing of the death of 19— darken this day, but let us enjoy these last few hours while we still have them with us, and see if we cannot make this day the happiest of our college course.

During the exercises of to-day, I bid you to listen to our chosen representatives as they unfold before us the different pictures of college life, as they prophesy into the far distant future, as they pay tribute to those dear classmates who have passed on before us to the world beyond, whither our footsteps are bound. We must not and cannot forget them to-day.

To such scenes as these, the class of 19— bids its friends welcome.

VALEDICTORY—FOR A COLLEGE

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES: We come before you to-day to greet you and to bid you our last farewell. What words can express the emotions that fill our hearts as we stand here as one for the last time; what words can express our feelings when it becomes necessary to part with the college so dear to us and the men who have founded and fostered her greatness? Ah! do not believe, when

we speak our regrets at parting, it is a mere form of words. Do not believe that no feeling animates our speech. This is a fit time for retrospection, and the parting days evoke many pleasant and golden memories of four years spent within the old campus. Eventful has been this period, and no other retiring class will look back upon rarer reminiscences than the one which is now bidding alma mater farewell for a time. There is something of freedom in the atmosphere of this dear college which every one of us feels, and something in the friendship that we have formed here which does not soon pass away. The high honor system for which the college is famed, and which is the result of your untiring work, your generous planning, rarely fails to impress itself vitally on those whom it immediately affects. You have personified yourselves in all the influences thrown about us here, and our cheers and our loyalty are largely cheers and loyalty to what you have done and are doing. May we have your blessing? You shall have our living remembrance. College boys are thought of sometimes as only reckless, thoughtless fellows; but deep in their bosoms they have a sense of appreciation, and in their hearts, a love for those who serve them. With loving appreciation of your kindness, farewell.

MR. PRESIDENT: You have taught us the lessons of a life devoted to helpfulness and high ideals, and allowing nothing to prevent its fulfillment. Whatever of success may be ours in the future, it will be the result of the noble example you have set, and our desire to lead as useful a life. We thank you for the benefits derived from your teaching, for your courteous treatment, for your interest in our welfare, and leave you with sincere regret. Farewell.

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY: How can we voice our farewell to you? You, who have bound all to you by your

kind help and good advice in our hours of need, and whose equal in peculiar and varied scholarships we will never know again. We have spent four important years of our lives under your care; we have learned well that the chief aim of academic education is to dig out the underlying principles of knowledge, and not to endeavor to accumulate mere knowledge for its own sake. We have learned that the scholar and the bookworm are entirely different; and that true wisdom humbles rather than exalts. We know that the education that we have received has been a training rather than an attempt to accumulate useless information and impractical theorism. In our first college years we knew you, and our memories of you in class-room and elsewhere will not fade away. Truly, you served us; truly you helped us; and we shall not forget. Good-bye.

FELLOWS OF THE UNDERGRADUATE CLASSES: To-day we leave you, and leave the old college in your care. Soon you will occupy the places that we held, walk these halls and paths that we have walked, make these building and grounds ring with the cheers in which our voices have so often joined. And this is why we feel the keener interest in you. As individuals, we do not expect to be long remembered by you. Our places will be taken. But we congratulate ourselves because we leave here strong-hearted, manly boys who love their college and will stand up stoutly for her when we have gone; because we leave men who will still appreciate the work of these, our much-loved professors. We shall be lonely many times when we think of your familiar faces, and of the brotherly companionship we had here with you. And for the most of you, for the most of us, this is our farewell forever. Good-bye.

CLASSMATES: It is for you and me to exchange farewell. This is the hardest parting of them all. To think that the time has come when we, who have labored together for four long years, who have grown so accustomed to one another, who have formed a brotherly love for one another, as the days, weeks, months and years have glided by—to think that the time has come to say the last farewell.

We have strolled along pleasantly, plucking the fruit of knowledge, and we have been drawn together until we seem parts of each others' lives. There are some of us here who spent their hours in sequestered nooks; some who preferred the strenuous toil of the gridiron and the diamond; but all have shared alike in the absorption of high idealism and of obedience to honor. To-day we have reached a dell where the road stops, and each must choose his own path and push on alone.

As we leave the old college for the last time, we bid a last farewell with a love for alma mater that no words can express, and our fervent hope is that she may prosper through the years. We hope that the light which falls upon her in this beginning of another century of usefulness and service may not be the decadent rays of the sunset, but rather the radiance of a brighter dawn. With grateful hearts, we pass out, greeting cheerfully those who are to follow on the morrow, and with a last, lingering look into each others' eyes, we say farewell. Good-bye.

CLASS YELL

Hip Zoo Razzle Dazzle
Zip Boom Bive,
Orbisonia High School
Nineteen five.

A VALEDICTORY

WE'RE a band of loving school-mates, bound by friendship's golden chain,

Children of one common Father, met in learning's sacred fane,
Where the hill of Science rises far above the misty heights,
Where the child of superstition with the pen of error writes.
Ere the autumn days departed, to our homes we bade adieu;
And the pearly tear-drops glistened—we were leaving all we knew;
Strangers met us, we were lonely, but anon the tones of love
Fell upon our saddened spirits, like the sunlight from above;
And affection's minstrels chanted in a joyous, happy strain,
Love ye, love ye one another, you may never meet again.
So we leagued ourselves together, and the path of learning trod,
Taught by all to look through nature, humbly up to nature's God;
In the buds we see his promise of a gay and beauteous spring,
When the robin and the blackbird on the leafy boughs shall sing;
In the crystal fringes hanging on the willow's graceful boughs,
We have traced the Holy Record of the Omnipresent's vows;
In the robe of virgin whiteness that bedecked our mother earth,
We have read a Sacred Volume, telling of a heavenly birth;
In the wind's tempestuous roaring we have felt a Father near,
Bidding us in soothing accents trust in him, and have no fear;
From the star-bespangled azure angels whisper, "God is love;"
See ye not yon orb of splendor pointing to his throne above?
Much we've learned of truth and beauty in the branches we were
taught,—

Knowledge years of toil have gathered, from the mystic realms of
thought;

And while memory near us lingers we can ne'er these truths forget,
While we see the lamps of heaven, as they seem to rise and set,—
Europe's great Copernicus shall remembered be by all,
And we'll ne'er forget Newton while we see an apple fall;
Gravitation is the echo nature sends from all around,
'Tis the great mysterious agent by which world to world is bound;
We will think of Kepler, too, as we see the seasons roll,
And the name of Galileo find inscribed upon the scroll,
With the wondrous telescope, like some great mysterious key,
To unlock the boundless wonders of a planetary sea.
In a score of years to come, when we Venus' transit view,

We will think with admiration of the pious Herschel, too;
 When we read of England's paupers in the damp, unhealthy mine,
 Humphrey Davy's zeal untiring shall be traced on every line;
 When we see the lightning playing harmless round the pointed rod,
 We will think of Franklin's genius and the rugged paths he trod;
 And the worthy Fulton, too, on the annals of our fame,
 With that mighty engine, steam, hath inscribed a deathless name;
 Morse, with modern telegraph, owes the impress of his seal
 To the shepherd of Mount Ida, with the magnet at his heel.
 Yet another claims our notice,—'tis Columbus, bold and brave,
 With his crew of ninety men on the stormy ocean wave,
 Weeks and months ere land appeared to pay him for his toil;
 And we'll think what joy was his when he trod upon our soil.
 But the warning voice of Time bids us dwell on other themes;
 Even now the light of gladness through the misty twilight teems.
 We will soon be with our kindred, fill again the vacant chair,
 'Twill rejoice our anxious parents when they see us seated there;
 But with all this promised pleasure, shades of sadness hover o'er,—
 We are leaving many loved ones we may meet on earth no more;
 Yet the impress of their virtues on our hearts shall long remain,
 Fresh and fragrant as the flowers after summer's gentle rain;
 But the farewell must be spoken; yet one prayer before we part—
 May the fire of truth and justice light the hearthstone of each heart,
 That we may, when death is placing his cold seal upon our brow,
 Feel life's errand has been done, and in resignation bow!
 Now, farewell, beloved teacher; may the seed your hands have sown
 Yield a rich, abundant harvest you might well be proud to own!
 We will treasure up your precepts; they may be, in future years,
 Balm to soothe our saddened spirits, strength to banish doubts and
 fears.

Fare you well! we may not linger; in that far-off spirit-land,
 May we mingle with the ransomed—with that bright angelic band!

A VALEDICTORY

A. F. SHOALS

THE golden glow of a summer's day
 Rests over the verdant hills,
 And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
 On fields and laughing rills;

But ere its last beam fades away
Beyond the mountain high,
Our lips must bravely, sadly say
The parting words, "Good-bye."

Kind friends and parents gathered here,
Our gratitude is yours
For all your care and sympathy,
Which changelessly endures.
We'll try to use the present hours
So they will bring no sigh,
When to our happy days of school
We say our last "Good-bye."

Dear teacher, we shall ne'er forget
The lessons you have taught;
We trust the future may perfect
The work your hands have wrought;
And may they bring good gifts to you,
These years that swiftly fly,
And may you kindly think of those
Who bid you now "Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" it shall not be farewell,—
We hope again to meet;
But happy hours are ever short,
And days of youth are fleet.
There's much to learn and much to do;
Oh, may our aims be high,
And ever lead toward that bright land,
Where none shall say "Good-bye."

VALEDICTORY POEM

MOLLIE E. SANDERS

DAYS, months and years are gliding,
Like mystic dreams, away,
And down life's varied pathway
Their lights and shadows play;

And, often on the present,
Reflected light will fall.
Sometimes, perhaps, a shadow
Comes darkly over all.

O, time! still hasten onward,
Unheed our smiles or tears,
And gather in thy chariot
Thy burden of the years.
And with the scythe, great reaper,
Reap all thy treasures here,
Though every sheaf thou bindest
Is dewed with many a tear.

We bow to thy stern mandate,
Acknowledging thy sway—
Powerless alike to fetter,
Or cause thy wheel to stay.
For onward, ever onward,
The years their way pursue,
And season after season
Still passes from our view.

We tread the path before us,
Impatient oft to raise
The veil that hides the future
From erring mortals' gaze.
We cannot see the trials
Around the paths we'll try,
Nor catch the hours of pleasure
That for us there may lie.

CLASS HISTORY

It is frequently stated that class history repeats itself, but this statement is not altogether supported by facts, many historians have found to their sorrow. As the ta

of finding new facts has this year fallen to me, I will relate some of the experiences of the class of 1905.

In the fall of 1901, twenty-four of us entered the —— High School as members for the first time. After having been assigned to our seats, we were asked to make selection from Latin and English History. With very little consideration we all took Latin, much to the regret of some later in the year.

During this term we lost two of our members—one going to —— Business College, and another finding time hanging heavily on his hands, secured a position with the —— Co.

At the beginning of the third term, Botany was substituted for English. About this time we held our first class meeting to elect a class marshal and select a class color. This was more of a task than we at first supposed, but after a test with all the colors of the rainbow, green was finally decided upon, which of course was in perfect harmony with ourselves. Frank Adams was elected class marshal.

After a long vacation, we again returned to resume our studies, but this year as Juniors.

When we again assembled we were Seniors. The first thing we did this year was to hold a class meeting to elect class officers, which resulted as follows: President, Harry Pierce; vice-president, Alice Kinney; secretary, Annie Benjamin; treasurer, John Kline.

The following were assigned the class parts: Salutatory, William J. Burton; valedictory, Elizabeth Caldwell; first oration, Ralph Kenney; second oration, William MacKenzie.

Otto Hanson was elected prophet and Andrew Johnson class poet.

CLASS WILL

WE, THE class of '05, having reached the end of our career here, being in sound health of body and of disposing mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this writing to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all other testimonial writings by us heretofore made.

And we do hereby direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, the faculty, only enjoining that the funeral shall be carried on with such dignity and pomp to which our standing in school entitles us.

As to such estate as it has pleased the fates and our own strong arms to give, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz.:

Item: We give and bequeath to the school, as a whole, all our poor and unfinished subjects and our bad reports held by the teachers.

Item: We give and bequeath to our cherished teacher, Mr. ———, a key to the teachers' room, so that he may be able to lock unruly pupils within its walls; also a pretty girl in the coming class as a bit of sunshine.

Item: We give and bequeath to our beloved and cherished sister, '07, all the love and blessings she may want. This is all. It would be wasteful to spend time in giving to one who seems so very able to get.

Item: We give and bequeath to the Juniors our various barnyard calls, for which if they have no use they may pass on to the next class; the novelty entitled "Game of Consequences," which is very interesting and most easily played in the assembly-room, where the papers may be passed through the cracks in the seats; and we surrender to them all our Senior privileges, with such limitations as the Board may see fit to prescribe.

Item: We give and bequeath to Miss Hanson, our botany instructor, the strip of cinder land in the rear of the school for the cultivation of botany specimens, and last, but not least, the congratulations of the class on her engagement, on condition that the class of '05 receives an invitation to help tie the knot.

Item: We give and bequeath to our respected and beloved superintendent a twig of forget-me-nots, so that when teachers are needed, the class of '05 may be remembered.

Item: We devise and bequeath all the residue and remainder of our belongings, after all just debts and funeral expenses are paid, such knowledge and startling information as we may have at whatsoever time gathered and imparted to our beloved principal. This last we leave entirely at his discretion, although we very highly recommend it as of great value.

We hereby constitute and appoint the High School Catalogue executor of this, our last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof, We, the class of '05, the testators, have to this will set our hand and seal, this —— day of June, A. D. 1905.

CLASS POEM

RETROSPECTION

MARGARET O'B. RIDER

IN THE days of childhood pleasures,
Laughter mingled with the tears,
Not a thought of Future's measures,
Mars the bliss of fleeting years;
Childhood seems but one short hour,
All must follow Nature's plan,
As the bud turns to the flower,
Soon the child becomes a man.

Then, he feels the touch of Sorrow,
Happy days, alas, no more,
Heavy clouds hang o'er the morrow,
Stern the path which lies before;
Dreams, which were so fondly cherished,
Shattered are, beyond recall,
Hopes, alike, long since have perished,
Dark Despair seems over all.

But see! resplendent light is dawning,
And fair Memory hovering nigh,
Turns the dreary night to morning,
Drives all shadows from the sky;
Hearts are freed from bitter anguish,
Tears no longer dim the eye,
Man forgets, misfortunes vanish,
While he thinks of days gone by.

The thought of a mother's fond caress,
Of a smile, or perhaps a loving word,
Has filled the heart with a tenderness,
The depths of human emotion stirred;
And once again in Fancy we pass
O'er school-days—happiest of one's life,
How joyously we played, alas,
Regardless of all care and strife.

We find a pleasure in every dream,
In fondest visions which once delighted,
And many times we live o'er the scene,
'Though all our hopes have long been blighted;
Oft for those pleasant hours we long,
We sigh, ah yes, but all in vain,
To Memory's flowers they belong,
In Imagination, bloom again.

Years roll on and friends depart,
Time leaves traces on the brow;
But though partings wound the heart,
Memories linger even now;

Recollections might be clearer,
Of the days which fled so fast,
Yet to all, things seem far dearer,
Looking backward o'er the past.

Retrospection! for long ages
Thou hast been a guiding star,
Learned scholars, wondrous sages,
Look upon thee from afar:
Gently,—like a dove descending,
Bringing with thee peace and rest,
Thou dost come,—and ere ascending,
Leavest blessings manifest.

The world moves on—and still before,
The Future lies, with joys and grief;
Let us not sigh, and wish for more,
Remember—Life is, ah, so brief;
And in the coming days and years,
Where'er the place our lot be cast,
Let's strive to overcome our fears,
By looking backward o'er the past.

CLASS PROPHECY

As THE class of 1905 was contemplating its coming commencement exercises, it fell to my lot to forecast the future of these fair damsels and gallant young men. After vainly endeavoring to cultivate what is commonly known as "second sight," I concluded that prophetic vision was not my strongest point; but in the summer of 1925, nearly a quarter of a century later, it was my good fortune to learn the fate of those young ladies and gentlemen who were once careful and happy school girls and boys in the dear old historic town of Friendship. It came about in this way:

I was called out West on business, and while passing through the State of Wyoming the train was wrecked and

the passengers were obliged to alight at a small station. I wandered about the place, impatiently waiting for the outward-bound train, when I noticed a big black cloud in the north.

Almost immediately everything grew dark, and I felt myself being whirled around and lifted very rapidly upward. After what seemed an hour of constant whirling I found myself in a strange place. When I dared look around, I espied an old man coming toward me. He had a long white beard which reached nearly to the ground. He inquired who I was and whence I came. I told him, and he said: "You are now on one of the inferior planets, of which I am the high priest. You came to me in a cyclone, and there is but one way to return. That is by allowing yourself to be put in a trance."

To this I readily consented. The high priest made some cabalistic signs, and soon I felt drowsiness. The first thing I realized was that I was in a strange city, and lo! as I walked up the street I met an exceedingly stout lady pushing a go-cart. She immediately recognized me, but it was some time before I could convince myself that it was my old classmate, Jessie Allen.

The city then changed, and I again found myself in Friendship, where I met Ida Smith, who had just driven in from Jonesboro where she said she was keeping a store and living alone. Ralph Hanson, I afterward learned, had played her false and she remained an old maid.

From Jonesboro I went to Boston, and while wandering about the streets was attracted by a sign which read: "We Can Increase Your Height, Short People Do Not Despair." I realized how disagreeable it is to be short, so decided to give them a trial. I opened the door of the tumble-down shop, and there stood a blonde lady, very slim and tall.

While I was trying to think whom she resembled, she said: "Don't you remember me, Pete?" Sure enough, 'twas Elma McLaunt.

I made my way out to Adams, where I met Nellie Stevenson. She had taken unto herself a husband, Fred Singer, and together they were demonstrating the value of cereals of all kinds and descriptions.

Next I seemed to be in New York, where I met Charley Brown. He said he had "starred" for the Highflyers Dramatic Club for several years, but now was managing (Charley always liked to manage) a troupe of his own, and was traveling through the country putting on vaudeville shows. His best and only comedy was "The Cheerful Liar," in which I remember Charley once made a big hit in Friendship.

Then the scene changed and I found myself in Davenport, where I met my old chum Rolfe Harrison. After he left school he formed a "beauty show," himself the greatest attraction. Associated with him were Clara Russell, Ella Munch and Dollie Weber.

Davenport seemed to change to a small town in China, where I met Annie Johnson. Imagine my surprise when I found her married to a Chinaman.

Again the scene changed, and before my eyes there arose the beautiful Quaker City of Philadelphia. On one of its most prominent business sections my attention was directed to a large block on the outside of which was displayed the sign, "Marriage Broker, Room 502, 5th floor." Of course, being an old bachelor, I was attracted by this sign and immediately made my way to room 502. I asked for the manager, and when he appeared I recognized the voice, and exclaimed, "Why, Frank Waterman!"

CLASS PROPHECY

EDITH KINKAID BUTLER

THERE is one means of prophecy remaining that is greater than all the rest, prophecies that have never failed in fulfillment, prophecies that breathe truth and power,—the ancient prophecies of *inspiration*! Ah! but you say, “The days of the inspired prophets are past; we are in the twentieth century, where prophecies are built on a mathematical basis of dollars and cents.”

Nevertheless, those inspired prophecies remain, and so I prophesy to you—by *inspiration*, by the inspiration which four years of association with the earnest, eager minds before me have brought, so that from the past I may foretell the future, for

“The present still is echo of the past:
Of both, the future will an echo be.”

The effect is ever commensurate with the cause, so that in just the ratio I have seen you by sincere, earnest endeavor forming a nucleus, the seed from which a useful, satisfying future life can grow, can I predict to you the fulfillment of such a life, with its accompanying success:

“For I hold it truth with one who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise by stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

There are among us many individualities, many different futures to be worked out along many different lines; for it is impossible that any two among you should have the same destiny, and yet each one desires the same ultimate

result,—success. Whether you will have it or not, remains with yourselves.

For four years you have been earnest, sincere seekers after new truths, finding strange new relationships between your bodies and your minds; gaining strength and power, physically and mentally; forming beautiful, lasting friendships with the great minds of literature, and above all, a broader, sweeter sympathy toward all the world. Have you, then, gained anything of value to yourselves? If so, what are you going to do with it? Cherish it? Use it as a means of isolation to set you apart and above your fellows? If there be things of value to you, they will be of worth to others; and, knowing you, Class of 19—, I can say that you are going forth to give of your store to those who lack.

Those of you who have sincerely adopted the principles taught here, who have truly entered into the spirit of this institution, are going forth to *work*—to sincere, earnest service to all who need you. And the need is great, for everywhere comes up the cry of a wasted race, poor in body and cramped in mind. Crammed in mind might be said also (for you will go forth to meet the idea of education as a pouring of information into a certain receptacle), but for the fact that the receptacle is too often of the nature of a sieve, which allows the information to run through, so that the brains are as empty when the process is completed as at the beginning.

In the first place, then, you are going forth to serve. The world is full of the idea, "I am I, and you are you, and each one must make the most of himself." And, after all, the old world is right, only it has just a mistaken idea as to what making the most of yourself is. It is not to knock your brother down that you may take his place. It is not the development of your powers to serve as a pedestal upon

which you may pose as a marvel to the assembled multitude, for the multitude is very apt not to assemble for such a purpose. But it is the utmost development of your powers to serve as a means by which you may lend a helping hand to all with whom you come in contact. Let them feel that you *can* and *will* help them up on the pedestal with you, and the multitude will be there, every time.

The world will not accept you from pity, nor from admiration; but your ability to serve is the final credential which will open to you every opportunity. And you can serve, Class of 19—. For four years I have seen you growing, slowly but surely, toward a higher plane of thinking and living; seen you gaining such possession of mind and body that both become active in the service of the soul. These things you can in turn carry to the world without,—the world with such possibilities for health and strength, so sadly perverted; the world with its infinite capacity for love and sympathy, so strangely warped. You will carry with you, out of your fresh young experiences, the health, the comprehension of truth, and the larger sympathy and love it so really wants, in spite of its apparent obliviousness to those things.

You will carry forth with you that which the world needs most, a tenderer sympathy and deeper love to all mankind. There is one certain thing that marks the climax of all human power, and when this has been done we know the best has been done that can be done, and this supremest thing that any one can do is to love. From the day of your entrance here as Freshmen you felt that loving, believing sympathy, that firm belief in your innate potentialities, which inspired you to do your best, until, little by little, you grew to a comprehensive grasp of what it meant, and belief in it; until you appropriated it for your own; and that you will

carry with you to your work, that it may do for others what I have seen it do for you.

You will not be discouraged if the world does not rush to you, demanding what you have. You will go to it, and carefully and slowly, perhaps, but surely, bring it to a realization of the final and supreme prevalence of truth; for what you desire is not so much an instant, as an eternal recognition—the fixed star, not the meteor.

But neither will you sit quietly down to let the world wonder and then seek you; but you will be aggressive; you will carry your truths to people and cause them to see them so clearly that they must accept them. You will not be continuously aggressive, but persistently so.

Truth will prevail in the end. All that is needful is that you should be living exponents of the truth you advocate. You can never lead men to a higher physical, mental or spiritual plane than that which you yourselves occupy. Hence, as you go out from the college, you will not drop those principles and ideals which you have adopted so enthusiastically here, nor let them slip from you by contact with the world, but you will continue to live them as faithfully as when under the inspiration of our college itself; for the world measures you not by what you *say*, but by what you *are*, and to carry your principles into active operation you must be living testimonials in your own bodies and minds.

This, then, is the future that I read from your past. You have learned how to *think*, to *work*, and to *live*, but the end is not yet. You will continue students in your study of life's larger book as you go forth as helpers, as teachers. Teachers!—some in the ordinary business acceptation of the word, others as readers, others as lecturers, while some will carry the same spirit into the more sacred circle of the home, and

a very new home, in some instances. But in whatever capacity you go, be your sphere of action great or small, you will be true, Class of 19—, to the high ideals, the larger plane of thought and action attained through this great system of education, which has daily demanded the utmost we could give of sympathy, faith and love.

You will go forth with your best to serve the world; and as the world sees the service, it will acknowledge you and assure your success. Be true to your principles, be true to yourselves,

“And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

You will be true, O Class of 19—, true in the greatest, and true in the least; and looking into your earnest faces, I feel that in the Great To-morrow which you are to help make, I can put the invocation of Tiny Tim into a solemn affirmation that God will bless us, *every one*.

CLASS SONG

H. FRANCES DEMPSEY

Air: “Joy to the World.”

OUR alma mater, hail, thrice hail!
We sing farewell this time;
In memory our hearts can't fail
To live anear thy shrine.

We pledge to live in noble deeds,
Bear forth thy grand ideals;
Helping where'er the world has need,
And live in service real.

With wisdom may our feet be shod,
Fair hope our guiding star;
Our hearts by faith be linked with God;
Love shed its light afar.

The world has need of service true,
Strong hands and hearts sincere;
For there is sacred work to do,
With lives to shield and cheer.

Help those who leave these halls to-day
Their grand truths to express.
Thou Righteous One, to Thee we pray
Our (*insert name of college*) to bless!

*CLASS SONG

RUE RINEHART

THE chain that binds us, classmates,
Is unlinking, ring by ring;
And it will have wholly severed
When we this song shall sing.

CHO. Ever fond our recollections
Of our happy high-school days;
They will be to us like sunshine,
Giving light along our ways.

We are standing on the threshold
Of a new and unknown life;
We must follow after Duty,
She will lead us through the strife.

CHO. Ever fond our recollections, etc.

Should we in life's short journey
Get stores of earthly gain,
May we, when it is ended,
With God forever reign.

CHO. Ever fond our recollections, etc.

* Music for this may be found in "Silvery Notes," by S. C. Hanson.
Price, 15 cents.

CLASS ODE

RALPH H. FILES

Air: "Wake, Freshmen, Wake."

WITH sunshine surrounding,
And gladness abounding,
At Thornton's gates we gathered far and near;
In happiness spending
The days too soon ending,
Till now we have to part from school life dear.

CHORUS—

Sing, sing, tributes bring,
Alma mater's praises we would swell;
From T. A. forever,
May love never sever,
Tho' nineteen hundred five must say farewell.

When life's work has found us
And cares circle round us
We'll cherish days of old whate'er befall;
'Mid memory's treasures
Will linger the pleasures
Of friends and school-days dear we'll still recall.
Chorus.

A PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Delivered by President Shoemaker to his class of 1877, in the National School of Oratory, Philadelphia.

You have come to the end of one short journey, or rather you have stopped to rest awhile in a bright spot, ere you continue the one long journey we must all make. And while we rest, it may be of advantage to retrospect as well

as prospect. It is my pleasure, at least, to look over the way we have traveled together. There is little in my mind to-night to make this retrospect regretful or sad. We have been learners together, and the teachings of our experiences and counsels have been full of beauty and of earnestness. We have feasted together with the great and good of other times and other climes. How often we have regaled ourselves by the fountains of history or eloquence, or the less deep but not less enchanting streams of poetry, of travel, and of wit furnished us by these masters, some of whose names have been rehearsed before us to-night, and how like household words they have fallen upon our ears! I thank God for the labor and the joy, or rather the joy in the labor, which we have had by the way, and my mind recalls rapidly and vividly the latent powers that have been awakened as some new ray of light has beamed upon us. How mental muscle has been strengthened in the tussle with a thought profound, of scholar, of philosopher! How motives to virtue, to honor, and to truth have been stimulated by the rich truths that have fallen to us from the virtuous and the honorable! How the eye has brightened and the body expanded under the inspiration to a truer manhood and womanhood, and how the music of unfettered tongues has broken forth in joyous laughter, as provoked by occasion of incident or humor! I thank God for the inspiration to motive, and the inquiry after the truth of our noble art which you have given us. In a sense you belong to us. You are ours. We love you as our own, and to-night our hearts throb with anxious solicitude and joyful hope for the grand work upon which you enter. And what is our solicitude for you? It is our yearning hope, you ladies and gentlemen, that you will magnify your art. The motive power of speech is the breath of God. And will you contaminate it with the feeble,

narrow, sensual atmosphere of a corrupted human heart, or will you not rather breathe forth words so true that they shall permeate the atmosphere of earth, and clarify it worthy of a divine breath? Let it be your art rather to contribute to the joy of the world and to the love of truth than to obtain its uncertain applause, or its wasting treasures. Oh! how the world wants truth to-day. God is no lower than he ever was. It is man who is down, and it is the highest art of life to lift him up. Art is divine when it reproduces divine types. When you have so grown the germs of truth that are in you; when you have so developed the elements of generosity, of benevolence, of charity, and of mercy as to reproduce the divine types of benevolence, of charity, and of mercy, then you shall have wrought higher than poetry, and deeper than marble. Study yourselves to know the little good that is in you, either of outward habit or of heart's motive, and, however insignificant the fault, pluck it as you would the vilest thing on earth. Seek its root and remove the soil that it may not grow. Cherish no seedling of professional jealousy. Foster not the thought of selfish exclusiveness, or open malice against those who are less noble than you should be. It is the minutiae of life you need now to guard, both in the good and in the evil, to grow the little truth, that it may displace the little fault. "Greatness," says one, "can only be rightly estimated when minuteness is justly revered." And remember that it is not by the weariness or the worry of the flesh that you shall attain these victories, but by the strength of the divinity within you. "This," says Ruskin, "is just what we never recognize, but think that we are to do great things by help of iron bars and perspiration." The true greatness of life is after all not so much the result of great effort as of great power, and that power is God. I urge you

therefore again to-night, ladies and gentlemen,—and it is the sum of my hope and my solicitude,—seek the divinity within you, for therein is the truth, the nobility and the glory. Only as you partake of the divine form will it become true in attitude and grand in repose. And as the arm shall partake of the grace of His arm, and as the eye shall flash with the fire of divine truth, and as the ear shall hear the sounds of His music, and the voice utter the “Peace on earth and good-will to men,” which He has breathed into your heart, will you attain the highest power of this highest art which you have chosen.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS

Delivered by President Prather at the Commencement of the Texas State University, Austin, Texas, June, 1905.

YOUNG LADIES AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASSES: The hour has come to say farewell. You have reached the goal for which you have nobly striven through days and years of faithful, persistent labor. Each goal, when reached, is but the starting point for a new race in every earnest life. Every effort, every sacrifice, every achievement, but increases your power for further conquest.

We cannot read the sealed orders which the Creator has placed in your hands, but we breathe the prayer that in victory and defeat, success and failure, you will rise in the strength of noble manhood and womanhood to meet the issues that confront you.

The purpose of your training here has not been merely that you may acquire knowledge, but that you may gain personal power, so that you may bring things to pass; power to perceive truth, power to love truth for its own sake, and to plan for the triumph of truth.

Education gives an enlarged power for personal enjoyment and an increased capacity for serving others. The greatest good that can come into any human life through the process of education is a personal richness, power and beauty.

The educated man has at his command all history, all learning, all lands, though he may live in a cabin. Every discovery, every invention, every conquest since the world began, belongs to the scholar. He carries the keys of the world's library and feels its resources behind him in whatever task he undertakes.

This university is doing a great and useful work when through her graduating classes she gives each year a reinforcement to Texas which must influence all her future history.

The privileges which you have enjoyed through the fostering care of your State, impose upon each of you the obligation to furnish by your lives and deeds a justification for the outlay which has been made for the sons and daughters of Texas.

Here you have had the instruction of a learned and able faculty, trained in the best institutions of this and other lands. Here you have enjoyed association with, and gathered inspiration from the brightest, the best, the choicest spirits among the youth of Texas. Here we have sought to teach you the grandest lesson in life—the lesson of self-reliance.

The fond hopes and affectionate regard of those with whom you have been so closely associated in these halls will follow you wherever you may go and in whatever work you may engage. They will rejoice with you in your triumphs and grieve with you in your failures. Let us hope that they may never hang their heads in shame for your dishonor.

Let me counsel you not to be afraid of work. It is not a curse, but a blessed privilege, to work. There can be no health or happiness in idleness. Your success in life will depend upon your readiness and ability to do the work the world has for you to do. If you make yourself necessary to the world, be assured that the world will take care of you.

Your courage and willingness to begin at the bottom is the surest guarantee that you will reach the top. Remember that he who fills a position of great honor has first filled many smaller positions of trust.

That which will aid or hinder you most in life is your character. It has been strikingly said that we bring nothing into the world but capacity, and take nothing from it but character. Character is above all learning, and constitutes in itself both a rank and an estate.

Men may injure or destroy your reputation, but your character is beyond their reach. It lives and grows within the inner sanctuary of your own soul, and cannot be touched by the hands of another.

May you carry into each community where you go standards of noble living and diviner thinking which shall contribute to the advancement of Texas and of mankind. Thus you will worthily bear the torch of learning, lighted at the altar of your alma mater, ever reflecting honor and glory upon her and this noble commonwealth.

Forget not, amid the pressing activities of your daily life, the fond mother who has prepared you for life's struggles and who looks to you, her children, for help and succor in the years to come.

May this university continue unceasingly to promote learning in every field of human interest, to study its applications to the needs and wants of men, and to mold and

fashion that fine type of character which is, after all, the chief contribution to the commonwealth that sustains it.

In parting, let me leave with you for your encouragement, guidance and stay for all years that are to come, a sentiment which I would fain engrave upon the hearts of each one of you: "Whoso walketh uprightly walketh surely." May the richest blessings of a kind Providence ever abide with you. Farewell.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

JAMES H. ECKELS

Delivered at the Commencement of the LaSalle-Peru (Ill.) Township High School, June, 1905.

IT is in recognition of the force that the school should exercise in the creation of a healthful public opinion upon every question of public discussion that the modern school, college and university enters upon the broader plane of education. The day of mere scholasticism in the class-room has ceased, and in its stead teacher and scholar are busy with questions of political and social economy, the science of government, the problems of business and experiments of agriculture; in a word, all the essentials which make up the duties of practical citizenship. I hail the new departure with a sense of profound satisfaction, and for the increasing force of our growing nation we must demand that education enter into every man's occupation; an education that enables him to investigate, to weigh and to decide.

But, in this wider field of undertaking there is one measure of protection upon which the thoughtful citizen should insist at the hands of those who have to do with the

control and policies of institutions of learning. There must be no tolerance of the doctrine of the socialist, whether it take the form of a mere intellectual intoxicant or of a virulent disease. No school can do justice to the high duty which it owes to the state and nation and stand sponsor for doctrines which demoralize the individual, work harm to the public good, and controvert the fundamental principles of our whole social and political fabric. I am neither an alarmist nor a pessimist, and yet I cannot but feel the need of a strong assertion of a healthy public sentiment in protest against the teachings of even those who but make profession of an intellectual socialism. In the face of such perversion of true economic teachings and the experience of mankind, no citizen should remain silent when the demagogue and charlatan are preaching the doctrines of an unwholesome and un-American unrest. I know of no more insidious foe to American traditions and American ideals, than the theories of the socialist, which, if once they should prevail, would reduce the individual to the merest nothing, paralyze individual effort, and disturb every social relation.

Against the agitator I would set the school-master, and to him make the appeal that he instill in those who come within the circle of his influence a sturdy Americanism which recognizes the supremacy of law, the power of the legally created courts of justice, and the enforcement of judicial decrees without fear or favor.

The demand may be well made that in dealing with all questions which affect the citizen in his relations with his fellows, there be absolute honesty of purpose and complete intellectual integrity. The country has suffered, and is suffering, from a lack of such character and integrity.

I would invite the attention of the school-man and the scholar to this large and promising field of reform, for

until it is invaded and those who are masters of it routed, the country will continue to suffer from the ills that flow from the teachings of pernicious doctrines, which could not survive a single onslaught of leaders of intellectual courage and honest convictions.

I know of no man so much admired in the activities of politics as the statesman whose intellectual integrity in the face of a strong opposition asserts itself for the principle that commends itself to his sense of truth and right.

The American loves the leader who leads, not follows in the wake of public opinion.

To bring back a higher sense on the part of the citizen of his political responsibilities and a greater regard for political and intellectual integrity, it seems to me, then, is the duty imposed upon the American school, college and university.

I wish that everywhere throughout the land public office invited to the discharge of public duty, men of character and scholarly attainments. The country would be far better for such service, and even the humblest position which has to do with science and control of government would again take on the character of an honorable position.

The nation, full panoplied in all its power, has come to realize how much a part of the world of affairs it is. It has come to note the truth, too long unrecognized, that there is a complete interdependence of all the people of the civilized world as there is between all the sections of one common country.

I take it that the present and the years to come promise difficulties of no easy character.

The growing problems of municipal government, complicated in the large cities by class distinctions and jealous rivalries, cannot be lightly dealt with or indifferently treated.

I do not doubt but as they crowd upon us, they will be met and solved aright. But in each moment of strife, the troubled citizen will turn to this and every other home of learning with the insistent query:

"The Scholar, where stands he? Ill for the State
If weakening in the strife, and short of sight,
He let the world wag on and shirk the fight.
Well for us all if, brave, compelling Fate,
A light-housed rock, steadfast he stand and straight,
Hold fast the faith, make manifest the light.
For this is he, who strong in wisdom's might,
Is Teacher, Prophet, Leader consecrate.
With star-eyed science he sees the infinite small,
And with faith's vision looks beyond the seen,
Notes from one germ evolve the myriad all,
And the Shall Be unfold from the Has Been.
So, doubting not, but wise all things to prove,
He sights the stars and knows the world does move."

CLASS MOTTOES

1. *Age quod agis*—Finish what you attempt.
2. Aim at a definite end.
3. Always higher.
4. A place in the ranks awaits us.
5. At the foothills, climbing.
6. Candidly and constantly.
7. Climb, tho' the rocks be rugged.
8. Darkness brings out the stars.
9. Deeds, not words.
10. End—there is none.
11. Energy wins the way.
12. *Esse, quam videri*—To be, rather than to seem.
13. Excelsior.

14. *Finis coronat opus*—The end crowns the work.
15. Follow up advantages.
16. From possibility to reality.
17. *Gradatim*—Step by step.
18. Grit wins.
19. Haste not, rest not.
20. Hilltops; mountains are in view.
21. Honors wait at labor's gate.
22. Impossible is un-American.
23. Labor conquers all.
24. Labor opens the gate.
25. Launched, but whither bound?
26. *Litera scripta manet*—The written letter remains.
27. Look forward, not backward.
28. *Ne tentes, aut perfice*—Attempt not, or accomplish thoroughly.
29. *Non incaustus futuri*—Not heedless of the future.
30. Not evening, but dawn.
31. Not finished; just begun.
32. *Non palma sine labore*—No victory without labor.
33. *Omnia vincit labor*—Labor overcomes all things.
34. On to victory.
35. Onward is our aim.
36. Out of the harbor, out on the deep.
37. *Palma non sine pulvere*—No excellence without labor.
38. *Per aspera ad astra*—Through trials to glory.
39. Prepared for better things.
40. *Respice finem*—Look to the end.
41. Rowing, not drifting.
42. Something yet to be gleaned.
43. Strive for higher honor.
44. Success waits at labor's door.

45. Toward the light.
46. Thus endeth our first lesson.
47. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*—No steps backward.
48. Victory beyond the stars.
49. *Vincit qui se vincit*—He conquers who conquers himself.
50. Virtue is the safest shield.
51. *Virtus sola cassis*—Virtue is the only shield.
52. We finish to begin.
53. We will.
54. Who thinks can conquer.
55. Without labor there is nothing.

SPECIAL DAYS

OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

HOW PLEASANT, after the cares and trials of the day, to lay aside all work and spend the evening in a cheerful and social way. In a like manner, holidays serve as rests from the daily work of life. Our Heavenly Father saw the necessity of these, when He commanded that the seventh day should be one of rest, spent only in giving praise and glory to God. The poet declares that—

“The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves, in silence and apart.”

This undoubtedly is true; yet with what genuine feelings of pleasure, happiness and expectation do we look forward to and welcome the days: First, that commemorative of our country's independence; second, the day consecrated to the soldiers who fought to maintain that independence; third, the day set apart annually for the returning of thanks to God for the innumerable blessings bestowed upon us; fourth, the day sacred to the memory of him who was “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen”; and, finally, any of the other holidays in honor of brave men and their noble deeds.

Fourth of July! Three small words; yet what more potent ones could there be? What others so capable of wakening in the hearts of all true Americans, young and old, that lofty patriotism, that unswerving fidelity to our

flag, which is the corner-stone of the Republic? The report of the guns, both great and small, which ushers in the dawn of the Fourth of July, seems to re-echo the words sent forth to the world, from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, over one hundred years ago. The juvenile portion of the population, according to the opinion of one of the small boys, "just live for the Fourth of July." Their patience is tried for months beforehand by the visions of fire-crackers, torpedoes, etc., which are displayed in the store windows, and bringing up anticipation until finally the long-wished-for day has come and gone, when possibly one of the boys "who just lived for the Fourth of July" is left to live on, minus a finger or so, with the consoling thought that he has given up something for his country.

The 30th of May, taken for Decoration day, on which the graves of the soldiers are strewn with flowers, and services held in their memory, is one dear to all. It affords us the double pleasure of decorating the graves and "keeping green" the memory of, not only those who were soldiers in the battles for the Union, but also those who were soldiers in the battle of life. Oh! what an example of magnanimity was manifested by the ladies of Mississippi when they decorated alike the graves of the Northern and the Southern soldiers!

"No more shall the war cry sever
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

Little did the Pilgrim Fathers, pierced by the bleak winds of the Atlantic, as they knelt on the rocky, unin-

viting shores of New England, giving thanks to God for their safe arrival, think that their example would be handed down to posterity by a day being set apart every year for the returning of thanks to God for the blessings He has bestowed upon this republic—"Great, Glorious and Free"—and for the manifold blessings and mercies showered upon her people. Not only is it a day of thanksgiving, but also a day of love, happiness and family reunion. It is a day of love, because all, owing to the influence of the day, and the memories it awakens, have kind feelings and wishes for all. It is a day of happiness, because on that day a general feeling seems to exist to have all people enjoy themselves. And since "True happiness exists in doing good," it cannot fail to be a day of happiness to those who, in the proper spirit, endeavor to make it a day of joy to others.

Best of all, perhaps, it is a day on which family reunions very frequently take place; when the children who have wandered far away from the old home, it may be, are drawn toward it by an inward voice, whispering to them of the joys which await them. Stamped on their mind by the hand of imagination, is a picture of gray-haired father and gentle-eyed mother, of sisters and brothers, as widely separated from that father and mother as they themselves are, once more sheltered within the walls of the old homestead, enjoying the pleasures of Thanksgiving. Well has the poet expressed this sentiment of the day when he says:

"Come one, come all! come home, come home.
From desert sands, from ocean foam,
Beneath the honored home roof-tree,
Join hands and hearts, and you shall see
Sweet thoughts, pure love and honest living
Flow from the keeping of Thanksgiving.

"Tis then the dead become most dear—
'Tis then, the living bring most cheer—
'Tis then, the best within us seems
Aspiring toward our youthful dreams;
And life looks really worth the living
In the old homestead, at Thanksgiving.

"Thanks, grim old Puritans, to you,
Who 'builided better than ye knew.'
True, ye were hard and stern, 'tis said
Intolerant and bigoted,
But one sweet gift is of your giving;
Thanks, sad old Pilgrims, for Thanksgiving."

Christmas, although not a national holiday, bears such a strong resemblance to Thanksgiving day in the manner of celebration, that we may be allowed to speak of it here. This day receives the warmest welcome of any of the holidays, owing to its being the celebration of Christ's birthday, and I may also mention the expected visit from the famed Santa Claus.

The 22d of February, the day commemorative of the birth of George Washington, of whom Thomas Jefferson says, "He was indeed in every sense of the word a great and good man," is another day which brings up grand historic events, and an example of the greatest nobleness of character. We all know how deserving he was of this opinion in his position as commander-in-chief of the continental army, as President of the United States for two consecutive terms, and, lastly, in his retirement at Mount Vernon. His birthday deserves to be observed as a holiday as long as the United States remains as a nation. He has justly been termed the chief of his age and his country, which are equally full of wonders.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HENRY L. WATTERSON

From an address delivered at the Auditorium, Chicago, Feb. 12, 1895.

THROUGHOUT the wild contention that preceded the war, amid the lurid passions that attended the war itself, not one bitter or narrow word escaped the lips of Abraham Lincoln, whilst there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his big, sturdy personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone, the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call “men of destiny.” They were “men of the time.” They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle and an end, rounding of lives with histories, full, it may be, of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible; simple, clear, complete.

The inspired men are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, moved and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God’s word upon their lips; they did their office, God’s mantle about them; and they passed away, God’s holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first

to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil, and their work done, passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without external graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame of official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him—wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the grace indispensable to his mission.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German

priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.

BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON

RUFUS CHOATE

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country which he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as President of the convention that framed our constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an

undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American Nation, as a Nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young American was Washington. The first love she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes! others of our great men have been appreciated,—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements,—no sectional prejudice, nor bias,—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes. When the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame, patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?—
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."

—*Lord Byron.*

THE UNION SOLDIER

HON. JOHN M. THURSTON

SOMETIMES in passing along the street, I meet a man who, in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming brass button. The coat is often old and rusty; the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years, perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button, I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence—yea! to me the very dust his weary foot has pressed is holy ground, for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the fire of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

May be at Donelson he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh held the broken line; at Chattanooga climbed the flame-swept hill, or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the forge, the bench, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure, or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways, and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glances of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses upon tiny lips, to look death in the face on desperate fields.

And when the war was over he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

What mighty men have worn this same bronze button! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, and a hundred more, whose names are written on the title-page of deathless fame.

Their glorious victories are known to men; the history of their country gives them voice; the white light of simplicity illuminates them for every eye. But there are thousands who, in a humbler way, no less deserve applause. How many knightliest acts of chivalry were never seen beyond the line or heard above the roar of battle. I know a man wearing the button whose modest lips will not unclose upon his own heroic deeds. Let me the story tell of one. On the morning of July 1, 1862, five thousand confederate cavalry advanced upon Boonville, Mo., then held by Col. Philip Sheridan with less than a thousand troopers. The federal line, being strongly intrenched, was able to hold its ground against the greatly superior force. But Sheridan, fearful of being outflanked, directed a young captain to take a portion of two companies, make a rapid detour, charge the enemy in the rear, and throw its line into confusion, thus making possible a simultaneous and successful attack in front. Sheridan said to him: "I expect of your command the quick and desperate work usually imposed upon a forlorn hope;" at the same time bidding him what promised to be an eternal farewell. Ninety-two men rode calmly out, knowing the supreme moment of their lives had come. What was in their hearts during that silent ride? What lights and shadows flashed across the cameras of their souls? To one pale boy there came the vision of a quaint old house, a white-haired woman on her knees in prayer, an open Bible by her side, God's peace upon her face. Another memory held a cottage, half embedded in the shade of sheltering trees and clinging vines; stray bits of sunshine round the open door; within, a fair young mother, crooning lullabys above a baby's crib. And one old grizzled hero seemed to see, in mists of unshed tears, a brush-grown corner of the farm-yard fence, and through the rails a blended

picture of faded calico and golden curls and laughing eyes. And then the little column halted on a bit of rising ground and faced—destiny!

Before them was a brigade of cavalry, 3,000 strong. That way lay death. Behind them were the open fields, the sheltering woods, safety and—dishonor. Just for a moment every cheek was blanched. A robin sang unheeded from a neighboring limb; clusters of purple daisies bloomed unseen upon the grassy slope; the sweet, fresh breath of early summer filled the air, unfelt by all. They only saw the dear old flag of Union overhead; they only knew that foes of country blocked the road in front; they only heard the ringing voice of their gallant leader ordering the charge, and with a yell the little troop swept on.

“Flashed every sabre bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Charging an army,
While all the world wondered.”

So sudden and unexpected was the attack, so desperate and irresistible the charge, that this handful of men cut their way through the heart of a whole brigade. Then, in prompt obedience to the calm command of their captain, they wheeled, re-formed and charged again. At this opportune moment, while the confederates were in confusion, Sheridan's whole line dashed forward with mighty cheers, and the day was won.

That night forty of the ninety-two kept their eternal bivouac on the field of battle, their white faces kissed by the silent stars. The captain was left for dead, but, thank God! he still lives; lives to wear the button of a people's love. For the man whose sublime courage and daring leadership gave victory and a first star to Phil Sheridan, was

Russell A. Alger, of Detroit. God bless the men who wore the button! They pinned the stars of Union in the azure of our flag with bayonets, and made atonement for a nation's sin in blood. They took the negro from the auction block and at the altar of emancipation crowned him—citizen. They supplemented "Yankee Doodle" with "Glory Hallelujah," and Yorktown with Appomattox. Their powder woke the morn of universal freedom and made the name "American" first in all the earth. To us their memory is an inspiration. and to the future it is hope.

THE SOLDIER BOY

HON. JOHN DAVIS LONG

MEMORIAL day will hereafter gather around it, not only the love and tears and pride of the generations of the people, but more and more, in its inner circle of tenderness, the linking memories of every comrade, so long as one survives. As the dawn ushers it in, tinged already with exquisite flush of hastening June, and sweet with the bursting fragrance of her roses, the wheels of time will each year roll back, and lo! John Andrew is at the State-house, inspiring Massachusetts with the throbbing of his own great heart; Abraham Lincoln, wise and patient and honest and tender and true, is at the nation's helm; the North is one broad blaze; the boys in blue are marching to the front; the fife and drum are on every breeze; the very air is patriotism; Phil Sheridan, twenty miles away, dashes back to turn defeat into victory; Farragut, lashed to the mast-head, is steaming into Mobile harbor; Hooker is above the clouds; Sherman marches through Georgia to the sea; Grant has throttled Lee with the grip that never lets go; Richmond

falls; the armies of the Republic pass in that last great review at Washington, Custer's plume is there, but Kearney's saddle is empty; and, now again, our veterans come marching home to receive the welcome of a grateful people, and to stack in Doric Hall the tattered flags which Massachusetts forever hence shall wear above her heart.

In memory of the dead, in honor of the living, for inspiration to our children, we gather to-day to deck the graves of our patriots with flowers, to pledge commonwealth and town and citizen to fresh recognition of the surviving soldier, and to picture yet again the romance, the reality, the glory, the sacrifice of his service. As if it were but yesterday you recall him. He had but turned twenty. The exquisite tint of youthful health was on his cheek. His pure heart shown from frank, outspoken eyes. His fair hair clustered from beneath his cap. He had pulled a stout oar in the college race, or walked the most graceful athlete on the village green. He had just entered on the vocation of his life. The doorway of his home at this season of the year was brilliant in the dewy morn with the clambering vine and fragrant flower, as in and out he went, the beloved of mothers and sisters, and the ideal of a New England youth.

And when the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stone of Baltimore, he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenuous and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen were dipped in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike his first blow for the good cause! What pride at the promotion that came and put its chevron on his arm or its strap upon his shoulder!

They took him prisoner. He wasted in Libby, and grew

gaunt and haggard with the horror of his sufferings and with pity for the greater horror of the sufferings of his comrades who fainted and died at his side. . . . He tunneled the earth and escaped. Hungry and weak, in terror of recapture, he followed by night the pathway of the railroad. He slept in the thickets and sank in swamps. He saw the glitter of horsemen who pursued him. He knew the bloodhound was on his track. He reached the line; and, with his hand grasping at freedom, they caught and took him back to captivity. He was exchanged at last; and you remember, when he came home on a short furlough, how manly and war-worn he had grown. But he soon returned to the ranks and to the welcome of his comrades. They recall him now alike with tears and pride. In the rifle-pits around Petersburg you heard his steady voice and firm command. Some one who saw him fancied that he seemed that day like one who forefelt the end. But there was no flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance to the flag. His lips parted. He fell dead, and at nightfall lay with his face to the stars. Home they brought him, fairer than Adonis over whom the goddess of beauty wept. They buried him in the village church-yard, under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, nearer than comrades, scatter his grave with flowers. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company. He went out from every village. He sleeps in every burying-ground. Recall romance, recite the names of heroes of legend and song, but there is none that is his peer.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD

HENRY WARD BEECHER

How BRIGHT are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It was your son; but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now

brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before, he was yours; he is ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. No one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death, than by his whole life.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

REV. L. PARMELE

An Address to American Youth.

INDEPENDENCE day! The booming cannon and rattling firearms! It is not the wrath of battle, but only echo-thunders, rolling back upon us from the great war-tempest of '76. Nor are these sounds now mingled with the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying—mournfully terrific swelling up from the field of blood. The report of guns and voice of artillery that fall on our ears to-day are all mellowed down into notes of enchanting music, and sweetly chime in with the glorious triumphal anthem of our national jubilee.

Upon the youth of America is conferred the noblest birthright in the whole world. The stars under which you were born beam with brightest promise and kindle loftiest hope. The principles declared and defended by our forefathers "amid the confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood,"—the great principle "*that all men were created equal*" is the broad and only foundation of true greatness. The war-guns of '76 exploded that long venerated theory, that royalty must flow alone through the

veins of crowned lineage, and that princes could spring from the loins of kings. While in this land it is not possible for you to *inherit* a single drop of royal blood, yet in each of your bosoms is implanted the germ of a *self-born* sovereign. Before you all, without any miserable and silly distinction of ancestry or estate, is placed the brightest diadem of moral dignity, intellectual greatness and civil honor. This country is, morally, a "*free soil*" empire. Here the young man—it matters not whether his nursery was in the gilded palace or in the "low thatched cottage"—has before him the same privileges and inducements, and as wide and free an avenue to glory; and his gray hairs may possess the fresh dew of his country's benediction, and his name be enrolled among earth's true nobility.

But while full and equal encouragement is before you all, without respect of rank or circumstance, still the prize is only for such as are willing to gird themselves unto the race; and the diligent hand alone reaps the harvest-honor. In our land something more is requisite to constitute one a prince than being born under a palace roof. Honorable parentage or the tinsel of wealth is not sufficient to place the royal crown upon a *brainless* head. It is only by fixed purpose, intense application and invincible perseverance that you can reach the heights of fame, and hang out your name to shine forever in the bright galaxy of national glory. Here we have no *heirs apparent* to the crown—the great men of America are *self-made*. You bring into the world no other nobility than that which the God of nature has endowed you—sovereignty of mind—the scepter of genius; and in this freest, broadest field of action you must become the architect of your own fortune—the master-builder of your own destiny. And now, in the morning glory of your waking energies, what a full chorus of induce-

ments is inviting you forth to toil, with the sure promise of a rich reward. Oh, how many young men in the old world would this day leap for joy to gain, even "with a great price," such privileges as belong to your birthright. With the halls of science, the council chamber of state and the high places of empire all opening before you, let your motto be "I WILL TRY," the watchword that never lost a battle in the moral world—the true key-note to the great anthem of self-coronation.

And while true greatness is gained only by mighty effort and persevering toil, this very effort develops intellectual powers—mind waxes stronger in the fight and strengthens in every new struggle, establishing a firm independence of character, and bringing out the bold features of individuality; like the oak, whose roots struggle down under the dark earth, and the crevices of the everlasting rocks, gaining a foundation of power, upon which it lifts up its head in towering majesty, defying the wrath of the wildest tempest. In countries where rank is obtained on easy terms of ancestry and a man becomes a king simply because his father before him was one, nobility relaxes into indolence of spirit and imbecility of intellect, and royalty, with all its imposing honors, degenerates into mental dwarfishness, and the king's *jester* is often, really, a greater man than the crowned head. The great men of America are intrinsically great—independent of their civil honors, they possess the power of intellectual giants.

And above all, let us remember that religion was the early harbinger, and continues the guardian angel of the American's birthright—the note of religious freedom struck on the rock of Plymouth, and was the grand prelude to the swelling anthem of civil liberty. None surely can doubt that the voice of the Almighty moved on the dark waters

of the revolutionary struggle, and that his hand was in that sublime destiny which brought out on the blackest night of oppression the brightest star of empire! And now, the war-storm over, and the battle-thunder ceased, the precious blood of our forefathers that was poured out as a free shower upon the earth—those peerless drops are gathered over us in a bright bow of promise, spanning a continent, and resting on two oceans, attracting a world to “the land of the free and the home of the brave.” But the fear of God is the great keystone in this bow of national hope—take away this, and the sunlit arch will vanish into the blackness of a second moral deluge.

ESSAYS, ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES

TRUE GREATNESS

THOMAS STARR KING

THE poet tells us, in pathetic cadence, that

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

But this is true only in the superficial sense. It is true that the famous and obscure, the devoted and the ignoble, “alike await the inevitable hour.” But the path of true glory does not end in the grave. It passes through it to larger opportunities of service.

A great nature is a seed. “It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.” It germinates thus in this world as well as in the other. Was Warren buried when he fell on the field of a defeat, pierced through the brain, at the commencement of the Revolution, by a bullet that put the land in mourning? No; the monument that has been raised where his blood reddened the sod—granite though it be in a hundred courses—is a feeble witness of the permanence and influence of his spirit among the American people. He mounted into literature from the moment that he fell; he began to move the soul of a great community; and part of the principle and enthusiasm of Massachusetts to-day is due to his sacrifice, to the presence of his spirit as a power in the life of the State.

Did Montgomery lose his influence as a force in the Revolution because he died without victory on its threshold,

pierced with three wounds, before Quebec? Philadelphia was in tears for him; his eulogies were uttered by the most eloquent tongues of America and Britain, and a thrill of his power beats in the volumes of our history, and runs yet through the onset of every Irish brigade beneath the American banner, which he planted on Montreal.

Did Lawrence die when his breath expired in the defeat on the sea, after his exclamation, "Don't give up the ship!" What victorious captain in that naval war shed forth such power? His spirit soared and touched every flag on every frigate, to make its red more commanding and its stars flame brighter; it went abroad in songs, and every sailor felt him and feels him now as an inspiration.

The soul is not a shadow. The body is. Genius is not a shadow; it is substance. Patriotism is not a shadow; it is light. Great purposes, and the spirit that counts death nothing in contrast with the honor and welfare of our country—these are the witnesses that man is not a passing vapor, but an immortal spirit.

AMERICANISM

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THERE are two or three things that Americanism means. In the first place, it means that we shall give to our fellow-man, to our fellow-citizen, the same wide latitude as to his individual beliefs that we demand for ourselves; that, so long as a man does his work as a man should, we shall not inquire, we shall not hold for or against him in civic life, his method of paying homage to his Maker. That is an important lesson for all of us to learn everywhere, but it is doubly important in our great cities, where we have a cosmopolitan population of such various origin, belonging to

such different creeds, and where the problem of getting good government depends in its essence upon decent men standing together and insisting that before we take into account the ordinary political questions, we shall, as a prerequisite, have decency and honesty in any party.

Now, for another side of Americanism; the side of the work, the strife, of the active performance of duty; one side of Americanism, one side of democracy. Our democracy means that we have no privileged class, no class that is exempt from the duties or deprived of the privileges that are implied in the words "American citizenship." Now, that principle has two sides to it, itself, for all of us would be likely to dwell continually upon one side, that all have equal rights. It is more important that we should dwell on the other side; that is, that we will have our duties, and that the rights cannot be kept unless the duties are performed.

The law of American life—of course it is the law of life everywhere—the law of American life, peculiarly, must be the law of work; not the law of idleness; not the law of self-indulgence or pleasure, merely the law of work. That may seem like a trite saying. Most true sayings are trite. It is a disgrace for any American not to do his duty, but it is a double, a triple disgrace for a man of means or a man of education not to do his duty. The only work worth doing is done by those men, those women, who learn not to shrink from difficulties, but to face them and overcome them. So that Americanism means work, means effort, means the constant and unending strife with our conditions, which is not only the law of nature, if the race is to progress, but which is really the law of the highest happiness for us ourselves.

You have got to have the same interest in public affairs as in private affairs, or you cannot keep this country what

this country should be. You have got to have more than that—you have got to have courage. I don't care how good a man is, if he is timid, his value is limited. The timid will not amount to very much in the world. I want to see a good man ready to smite with the sword. I want to see him able to hold his own in active life against the force of evil. I want to see him war effectively for righteousness.

Of all the things we don't want to see is the tendency to divide into two camps: on the one side all the nice, pleasant, refined people of high instincts, but no capacity to do work; and, on the other hand, men who have not got nice instincts at all, but who are not afraid. When you get that condition, you are preparing immeasurable disaster for the nation. You have got to combine decency and honesty with courage. But even that is not enough, for I don't care how brave, how honest a man is, if he is a natural-born fool he cannot be a success. He has got to have the saving grace of common sense. He has got to have the right kind of heart, he has got to be upright and decent, he has got to be brave, and he has got to have common sense. He has got to have intelligence, and if he has these, then he has in him the making of a first-class American citizen.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY

CHARLES SUMNER

LET us then be of good cheer. From the great law of progress we may derive at once our duties and our encouragements. Humanity has advanced, urged by the instincts and necessities implanted by God,—thwarted sometimes by obstacles which have caused it for a time—a moment only, in the immensity of ages—to deviate from its true line, or to seem to retreat,—but still ever onward.

Amidst the disappointments which may attend individual exertions, amidst the universal agitations which now surround us, let us recognize this law, confident that whatever is just, whatever is human, whatever is good, whatever is true, according to the immutable ordinance of Providence, in the golden light of the future, must prevail. With this faith, let us place our hands as those of little children, in the great hand of God. He will ever guide and sustain us—through pains and perils, it may be—in the path of progress.

In the recognition of this law, there are motives to beneficent activity, which shall endure to the last syllable of life.

Let the young embrace it; they shall find in it an ever-living spring. Let the old cherish it still; they shall derive from it fresh encouragement. It shall give to all, both old and young, a new appreciation of their existence, a new sentiment of their force, a new revelation of their destiny.

Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement to live and to labor, ever mindful of the future. But let us not forget the past. All ages have lived and labored for us. From one has come art, from another jurisprudence, from another the compass, from another the printing-press; from all have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue. The earliest and most distant times are not without a present influence on our daily lives. The mighty stream of progress, though fed by many tributary waters and hidden springs, derives something of its force from the earlier currents which leap and sparkle in the distant mountain recesses, over precipices, among rapids, and beneath the shade of the primeval forest.

Nor should we be too impatient to witness the fulfillment of our aspirations. The daily increasing rapidity of discovery and improvement, and the daily multiplying efforts of beneficence, in later years outstripping the imagina-

tions of the most sanguine, furnish well-grounded assurance that the advance of man will be with a constantly accelerating speed.

The extending intercourse among the nations of the earth, and among all the children of the human family, gives new promises of the complete diffusion of truth, penetrating the most distant places, chasing away the darkness of night, and exposing the hideous forms of slavery, of war, of wrong, which must be hated as soon as they are clearly seen.

Cultivate, then, a just moderation. Learn to reconcile order with change, stability with progress. This is a wise conservatism; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a conservative? Who would not be a reformer? a conservative of all that is good, a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge, a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles whose seat is the bosom of God, a reformer of laws and institutions which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that divine order which is found only in movement, a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses which spring from a violation of the great law of human progress. Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, Reforming Conservatives and Conservative Reformers.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

PERHAPS the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public document is "the pursuit of happiness." It is declared to be an inalienable right. It cannot be sold. It cannot be given away. It is doubtful if it can be left by

will. The right of every man to be six feet high, and of every woman to be five feet four was regarded as self-evident, until women asserted their undoubted right to be six feet high also, when some confusion was introduced into the interpretation of this rhetorical fragment of the eighteenth century.

The pursuit of happiness! It is not strange that men call it an illusion. But I am satisfied that it is not the thing itself, but the pursuit, that is an illusion. Instead of thinking of the pursuit, why not fix our thoughts upon the moments, the hours, perhaps the days, of this divine peace, this merriment of body and mind, that can be repeated, and perhaps indefinitely extended by the simplest of all means, namely, the disposition to make the best of whatever comes to us? Perhaps the Latin poet was right in saying that no man can count himself happy while in this life, that is, in a continuous state of happiness; but as there is for the soul no time save the conscious moment called "now" a happy state of existence. The point I make is that we should not habitually postpone that season of happiness to the future.

Sometimes wandering in a primeval forest, in all the witchery of the woods, besought by the kindest solicitations of nature, wild flowers in the trail, the call of the squirrel, the flutter of the bird, the great world-music of the wind in the pine-tops, the flecks of sunlight on the brown carpet and on the rough bark of the immemorial trees, I find myself unconsciously postponing my enjoyment until I shall reach a hoped-for open place of full sun and boundless prospect.

The analogy cannot be pushed, for it is the common experience that these open spots in life, where leisure and space and contentment await us, are usually grown up with thickets, fuller of obstacles, to say nothing of the labors and

duties and difficulties, than any part of the weary path we have trod.

The pitiful part of this inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness is, however, that most men interpret it to mean the pursuit of wealth, and strive for that always, postponing being happy until they get a fortune, and if they are lucky in that, find in the end that the happiness has somehow eluded them, that, in short, they have not cultivated that in themselves which alone can bring happiness. More than that, they have lost the power of the enjoyment of the essential pleasures of life. I think that the woman in the Scriptures who out of her poverty put her mite into the contribution box, got more happiness out of that dribble of generosity and self-sacrifice than some men in our day have experienced in founding a university.

EDUCATION

THOMAS H. HUXLEY

SUPPOSE it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune and the happiness of every one of us, and, more

or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature.

The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, would be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might.

How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow, telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras, and very few accomplishments.

Those who take honors in nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then they can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

MODERN FICTION

OPIE P. READ

THE drift of latter-day fiction is largely shown by the department store. The selling of books by the ton proves a return to the extremes of romanticism. People do not jostle one another in their eagerness to secure even a semblance of the truth. The taste of to-day is a strong appetite for fadism; and a novel to be successful must bear the

stamp of society rather than the approval of the critic. The reader has gone slumming, and must be shocked in order to be amused. Reviewers tell us of a revolt against realism, that we no longer fawn upon a dull truth, that we crave gauze rather than substance. In fact, realism was never a fad. Truth has never been fashionable; no society takes up philosophy as an amusement.

But after all, popular taste does not make a literature. Strength does not meet with immediate recognition; originality is more often condemned than praised. The intense book often dies with one reading, its story is a wild pigeon of the mind, and sails away to be soon forgotten; but the novel in which there is even one real character, one man of the soil, remains with us as a friend. In the minds of thinking people, realism cannot be supplanted. But by realism I do not mean the commonplace details of any interesting household, nor the hired man with mud on his cowhide boots, nor the whining farmer who sits with his feet on the kitchen stove, but the glory that we find in nature and the grandeur that we find in man, his bravery, honor, his self-sacrifice, his virtue. Realism does not mean the unattractive. A rose is as real as a toad. And a realistic novel of the days of Cæsar would be worth more than Plutarch's Lives.

Every age sees a library revolution, but out of that revolution there may come no great work of art. The best fiction is the unconscious grace of a cultivated mind, a catching of the quaint-humor of men, a soft look of mercy, and a sympathetic tear. And this sort of a book may be neglected for years, no busy critic may speak a word in its behalf, but there comes a time when, by the merest accident, a great mind finds it and flashes its genius back upon the cloud that has hidden it.

Yes, there is a return to romanticism, if indeed there was ever a turn from it. The well-told story has ever found admirers. To the world all the stories have not been told. The stars show no age, and the sun was as bright yesterday as it was the morning after creation. But a simple story without character is not the highest form of fiction. It is a story that may become a fad, if it be shocking enough,—if it has in it the thrill of delicious wickedness, but it cannot live. The literary lion of to-day may be the literary ass of to-morrow, but the ass has his bin full of oats and cannot complain.

The novel, whether it be of classic form or of faddish type, makes a mark upon the mind of the public. Fiction is a necessary element of modern education. A man may be a successful physician or a noted lawyer without having read a novel; but he could not be regarded as a man of refined culture. A novel is an intellectual luxury, and in the luxuries of a country we find the refinements of a nation. It was not invention but fancy that made Greece great. A novel-reading nation is a progressive nation. At one time the most successful publication in this country was a weekly paper filled with graceless sensationalism, and it was not the pulpit or the lecture-platform that took hold of the public taste and lifted it above this trash—it was the publication, in cheap form, of the English Classics. And when the mind of the masses had been thus improved, the magazine became a success.

One slow but unmistakable drift of fiction is toward the short story, and the carefully edited newspaper may hold the fiction of the future.

SUCCESS IN LIFE

JAMES A. GARFIELD

POETS may be born, but success is made; therefore, let me beg of you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss all ideas of succeeding by luck.

There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by and by something will turn up, by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasion cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life, you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.

Again: In order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples, not only of those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you may find men

going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of their fellow-citizens, and carving out for themselves names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings and in the face of formidable obstacles.

Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I have never known one to be drowned who was worth the saving. This would not be wholly true in any country but one of political equality like ours.

The reason is this: In the aristocracies of the Old World, wealth and society are built up like the strata of rock which compose the crust of the earth. If a boy be born in the lowest stratum of life, it is almost impossible for him to rise through this hard crust into the higher ranks; but in this country it is not so. The strata of our society resembles rather the ocean, where every drop, even the lowest, is free to mingle with all others, and may shine at last on the crest of the highest wave. This is the glory of our country, and you need not fear that there are any obstacles which will prove too great for any brave heart.

In giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet, and the wheels go rattling down and all its force is expended in a moment; but properly balanced and regulated, it will go on, letting out its force tick by tick, measuring hours and days, and doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore you to cherish and guard and use well the forces that God has given to you. You may let them run down in a year, if you will. Take off

the strong cord of discipline and morality, and you will be an old man before your twenties are passed. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy, or waste them in idleness and crime. Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them, that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this, and you will be an honor to yourself and to your country.

LABOR AND CAPITAL

(Abridged)

HON. MARCUS A. HANNA

ORGANIZED labor, or as we know it better, "union labor," is an imported article. It came to us with the influx of population from the Old World, having been established and in operation many years in Europe, and particularly in England. It came to us having been born among conditions—which do not and cannot exist in America—where the education and the experiences of men taught them to antagonize the upper class, and strange as it may seem, the very men who came from the forge and from the workshop laid the foundation of our great industrial institutions. But those people came full of the same prejudice that was inaugurated there—with an antagonism to capital, and feeling that every man's interests, who was or had been an employer, was against theirs, until they in turn became the employers.

It is an institution prompted by workingmen who seek to protect themselves, whose object is mutual benefit. During its early history in this country there was a natural prejudice against it, because it seemed at variance with American institutions, because it seemed to place itself in

antagonism to the employers of this country. But it is one of the objects on the part of those who are working for this cause to Americanize labor organizations, to fit them for their surroundings and conditions in this country; and to that end the organization called the Civic Federation is now bringing the attention of the public to that question.

The motto of the Civic Federation is the "Golden Rule," and its basic policy is that anything which is antagonistic to the best interests of society and morals shall be eradicated. We do not believe in sympathetic strikes. We do not believe in the boycott. We do not believe in restriction of production to enhance values. And from that platform we propose to urge and to advocate a code of principles and a policy which will elevate those who are called upon to arbitrate for labor to a position where they will fully appreciate that this is a better way.

Every man has a vulnerable spot. There is a side to every man's character that is approachable, and the most vulnerable of all methods is kindness. Appeal to his heart and to his mind with reason, and you will succeed in establishing a bond of confidence, and that is the foundation. The first thing to be done practically in our efforts to accomplish the best for which we are striving, is to establish a condition between the employer and employee of absolute confidence one in the other. Remember the Golden Rule, and, to make this proposition practical, live up to the principles of the Golden Rule. Is it practical? Yes. You will treat those men as you would have those men treat you.

We have to be thankful for an era of prosperity unequaled in our history. We are all so busy now that we are likely to forget whence it comes. Our condition may be the natural sequence of favorable crops, of improved machinery, and an enterprising people, but after all, there is

a higher power which regulates it all. It is our duty, while enjoying this prosperity and its fruits, when we come to consider the material interests at stake, to remember that there are two factors along that line which contribute to it: the men who work with their hands, and the men who work with their brains; partners in toil, who should be partners in the benefits of that toil.

Have you ever thought what an influence we are receiving into our body politic when we read the statistics of the thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands of immigrants coming to this country every year from the lowest social conditions of the Old World, full of prejudice and always "agin' the government?" It is a serious proposition, particularly as they very soon become voters, and have a way of expressing their sentiments that is very potent at times. It is a factor, and it is a thing to be considered. We have to consider those men as useful to us, yes, necessary under such conditions as we have to-day. But they are unlettered, untaught; they know nothing about the spirit and the institutions of our country. Some of them, unfortunately, think liberty is license, or something to eat. It is not wonderful that they should affiliate with their own class and be content to work it out, and if necessary, to fight it out from that standpoint.

Forget the idea that there are any classes under our free government. Forget that in this great principle of social advancement there is any line of demarkation. Forget that the man who labors with his hands is any different from the man who labors with his brain. Bring all together upon that common platform of principle, and then give to it the principle of your better advantages and education, of your greater and wider experiences, of your ability through material resources, to help every man who needs it, and you have resolved the thing to a practical proposition which will

admit of no doubt about its future success, provided you do not tire in doing good.

A good proposition to any Doubting Thomas who talks about the theory of the question is, "Try it yourself." Take one man whom you know in your community, who works with his hands, whether on the streets, in the shops, or in the factories. Acquaint yourself with the conditions against which he must contend to make a living for himself and family; see what opportunities he has, compare them with your own, and then ask yourself, Is there anything I can do to help the situation? Is that theory? You may find that sickness or other misfortune has come to him. He is too proud to ask alms. If you find that he and his family are suffering under these conditions, do not wait until he gets to the poor-house, or a committee organized by law shall ascertain these facts, but make yourself responsible. Is there any better way by which you can bring him into closer business relations than to show him that you recognize his manhood and are working for the best conditions the community can give to carry him on through the work and trials of life?

The practical result of a strike, nine times out of ten, comes from a misunderstanding or from indifference on the part of one side or the other.

Experience has shown that the men who are associated with the Civic Federation on the part of labor, twelve of them, all leaders of great labor organizations, are just as competent, in conferences upon this subject, just as earnest and just as honest in their treatment of this matter as the other side. Recognize that fact, give them credit, and the battle is more than half won. Make them feel that your interest in them is for the mutual benefit of both, and believe in their sensibility and their ability to manage their

affairs as well as you can manage yours, and you will create a trust that no law can break; the kind of trust for which you need no constitutional amendment. It is a great, broad principle on which the very foundations of our government rest.

There is a great deal said, from a demagogical standpoint, against organized capital. Looking back through the last hundred years we are almost bewildered at the complexity of improvements in every industrial phase of our institutions, improvements which have advanced the interest of the laboring men as well as that of the capitalist. This rapid advance is the culmination of educated intellect, by its practical application to every form of industry and every profession. It is just as natural a sequence as that one following upon the rising and the setting sun. Organized capital was just as necessary to get this condition of things, as any part of it. This organization of capital has come to stay, just as organized labor has come to stay, and for the same reason it is necessary. You cannot separate the interests of capital and labor. If it is good for one to be organized for any purpose, it is good for the other for the same reason. They are both good. They are both necessary, as applied to our conditions to-day and to our development for the future. The combination of capital has brought to our industrial institutions greater economic results; it has brought an increase and expansion of trade, and higher wages to men. When you talk about organized capital as a monopoly in this country, you talk nonsense. There is no monopoly in the United States save that protected by a United States patent, for there is not a field of industry in this country not open to any one and every one who sees fit to embark capital in that line.

As capital is organized and produces beneficial results,

labor which was organized many years before and has grown in efficiency ever since, will be the first to recognize, and it does recognize to-day, the fact that the organization of capital produces results which give to them better opportunities. When you reflect that many of the great masters in every branch of industry in the United States came from the loom and forge and furnace, you can see the inducement for competition.

The object lesson stands bright before the operator when he with his rod is working at the furnace to-day and remembers that the man who pays him, once worked there himself. When you attempt to put a check on enterprise backed by ability and brains, you limit all progress by saying that you must not have organizations, that they are a detriment to the country. They are not. Union is not only strong for the mutual benefit of labor, but strong for the development of enterprise and ability diverse in their motives, but which when brought together form a force which is irresistible. There is a combination not only of money, but of everything that contributes to the successful putting together of material and intellect and ability and pushing it to its farthest limits, and already that enterprise has reached far beyond the confines of our borders.

OUR COUNTRY

DANIEL WEBSTER

LET the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no

laurels in a war for independence. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon and Alfred and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them.

But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us also a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we, also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered.

Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and a habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GOOD DEEDS

HON. THOMAS BRACKETT REED

Late Speaker of the House of Representatives.

SIX hundred and fifty or seventy years ago, England, which, during the following period of nearly seven centuries, has been the richest nation on the face of the globe, began to establish the two great universities which, from the banks of the Carn and the Isis, have sent forth great

scholars and priests and statesmen whose deeds have been part of the history of every land and sea. During all that long period, reaching back two hundred and fifty years before it was even dreamed that this great hemisphere existed, before the world knew it was swinging in the air and rolling about the sun, kings and cardinals, nobles and great churchmen, the learned and the pious, began bestowing upon those abodes of scholars their gifts of land and money; and they have continued their benefactions down to our time. What those universities, with all their colleges and halls teeming with scholars for six hundred years, have done for the progress of civilization and the good of man, I could not begin to tell.

Although more than six centuries of regal, princely and pious donations have been poured into the purses of these venerable aids to learning, the munificence of one American citizen to-day affords an endowment income equal to that of each university, and when Time has done his perfect work, Stephen Girard, mariner and merchant, may be found to have come nearer immortality than the long procession of kings and cardinals, nobles and statesmen, whose power was mighty in their own days, but who are only on their way to oblivion.

Unity and progress are the watchwords of Divine guidance, and every great event, or series of events, has been for the good of the race. Were this the proper time, I could show that wars—and wars ought to be banished forever from the face of the earth; that pestilences—and the time is coming when they will be no more; that persecutions and inquisitions—and liberty of thought is the richest pearl of life,—that all these things—wars, pestilences and persecutions—were but helps to the unity of mankind. All things, including our own natures, bind us together for deep and

unrelenting purposes. It has been wisely ordained that no set of creatures of our race shall be beyond the reach of others,—so lofty that they will not fear approach. If the lofty and the learned do not lift us up, we drag them down. But unity is not the only watchword; there must be progress also. Since by a law we cannot evade we are to keep together, and since we are to progress, we must do it together, and nobody must be left behind. This is not a matter of philosophy; it is a matter of fact. No progress which did not lift all, ever lifted any. If we let the poison of filthy diseases percolate through the hovels of the poor, Death knocks at the palace gates. If we leave to the greater horror of ignorance any portion of our race, the consequences of ignorance strike us all, and there is no escape. We must all move, but we must all keep together. It is only when the rearguard comes up that the van-guard can go on.

Stephen Girard must have understood this. He took under his charge the progress of those who needed his aid, knowing that if they were added to the list of good citizens, to the catalogue of moral, enterprising and useful men, there was so much added, not to their happiness only, but to the welfare of the race to which he belonged. For his orphans the van-guard need not wait. He also understood what education was. Most men, brought up as he was, on shipboard and on shore, with few books and fewer studies, if they cared for learning at all, would have had for learning an uncouth reverence, such as the savage has for his idol, a reverence for the fancied magnificence of the unknown. This would have led to establish a university devoted to out-of-the-way learning far beyond his ken, or to link his name to glories to which he could not aspire. But the man who named his vessels after the great French

authors of his age, and who read their works himself, knew from them, and from his own laborious and successful life, that book learning was not all of education, and so gave his orphans an entrance into a practical world with such learning as left the whole field of learning before them, if they wanted it, with power to make fortunes besides.

Stephen Girard was the greatest merchant of his time, with the noblest ambition of them all. He was so resolute in his pursuit of wealth, and so coldly determined in all his endeavors, that he seems to have uncovered to few or to none the generous purpose of his heart. "My actions must make my life," he said, and of his life not one moment was wasted. "Facts and things, rather than words and signs," were the warp and woof of his existence. No wonder he left the injunction that this should be the teaching of those objects of his bounty into whose faces he was never to look.

The vast wealth which Girard had was of itself alone evidence of greatness. Fortunes may be made and lost. Fortunes may be inherited. These things mean nothing. But the fortune which endowed Girard College was made and firmly held in a hand of eighty years. That meant greatness. But when the dead hand opens and pours the rich bloom of a preparation for life over six thousand boys in the half century which has gone, and thousands in centuries to come, that means more than greatness. Mr. Girard gave more than his money. He put into his enterprise his own powerful brain, and, like the ships he sent to sea, long after his death the adventure came home laden, not with the results of his capital alone, but of his forethought and his genius. He builded for so many years that stars will be cold before his work is finished. We envious people, who cannot be wealthy, avenge ourselves by thinking and proclaiming that the pursuit of wealth is sordid and stifles the nobler

sentiments of the soul. Whether this be so or not, if whoever makes to grow two blades of grass where but one grew before, is a benefactor of his race; he also is a benefactor who makes two ships sail the sea where but one encountered its storms before. However sordid the owner may be, this is a benefit of which he cannot deprive the world.

That men who have achieved great riches are not always shut out by their riches from the nobler emotions, Stephen Girard was himself a most illustrious example. A hundred years ago Philadelphia was under the black horror of a plague. So terrible was the fear that fell upon the city, that the tenderest of domestic ties—the love of husband and wife and of parents for children—seemed obliterated. Even gold lost its power in the presence of impending death. There was no refuge even in the hospital, which, reeking with disease, was a hell out of which there was no redemption. Neither money nor affection could buy service. "Fear was on every soul."

Girard was then in the prime of life, forty-two years old, in health and strength, already rich, and with a future as secure as ever falls to human lot. Of his own accord, as a volunteer, he took charge of the interior of the deadly hospital, and for two long and weary months stood face to face with Death.

A poet has sung of what makes the little song linger in our hearts forever, while epics perish and tragedies pass out of sight. Why this is so, we shall never know by reason alone. Deep down in the human heart there is a tenderness for self-sacrifice which makes it seem loftier than the love of glory, and reveals the possibility of the eternal soul.

Wars and sieges pass away, and great intellectual efforts cease to stir our hearts, but the man who sacrifices himself for his fellows lives forever.

We forget the war in which was the siege of Zutphen, and almost the city itself, but we shall never forget the death of Sir Philip Sidney. Scholars alone read the work of his life, but all mankind honors him in the story of his death. The great war of the Crimea, in our own day, with its generals and marshals, and its bands of storming soldiery, has almost passed from our memories, but the time will never come when the charge of Balaklava will cease to stir the heart or pass from story or from song. It happened to Stephen Girard, mariner and merchant, seeking wealth and finding it, whose ships traveled every sea, whose intellect penetrated a hundred years into the future, to light up his life by a deed more noble than the dying courtesy of Sidney and braver than the charge of the Six Hundred, for he walked under his own orders, day by day and week by week, shoulder to shoulder with death, and was not afraid. How fit, indeed, it is, that amidst the temples of learning which are the tribute to his intellect, should stand the tablet which is the tribute to his heart.

Surely, if the immortal dead, serene with the wisdom of eternity, are not above all joy and pride, he must feel a thrill to know that no mariner or merchant ever sent forth a venture upon unknown seas which came back with richer cargoes or in statelier ships.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN

COULD I call around me in one vast assembly the temperate young men of our land, I would say,—Hopes of the nation, blessed be ye of the Lord now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps; for vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way.

Look at the generation who have just preceded you: the

morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own; but behold them bitten, swollen, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious, with halting step dragging onward to meet an early grave! Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, and to harder and harder fare, as improvidence dries up their resources.

And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments? That is a father—and that is a mother—whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister, weeping over evils which she cannot arrest; and there is the broken-hearted wife; and there are the children, hapless innocents, for whom their father has provided the inheritance only of dishonor, and nakedness, and woe.

And is this, beloved young men, the history of your course? In this scene of desolation, do you behold the image of your future selves? Is this the poverty and disease which, as an armed man, shall take hold on you? And are your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and children, to succeed those who now move on in this mournful procession, weeping as they go? Yes; bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, this is your noon, and your night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds, and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking; if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, temperately, prudently, it is yourselves which, as in a glass, you behold.

THE NEW ERA IN HIGHER EDUCATION

JAMES B. ANGELL, LL. D.

President of the University of Michigan.

IT is of the highest importance that our increased facilities for higher education, and any new enthusiasm which these may engender for devotion to scholarship, shall not be permitted to make students indifferent to their duty as educated citizens or rob them of their interest in public affairs. The universities must not become monasteries, in which men are trained to exclude themselves from proper participation in the right guidance of public opinion. They who are known as professional politicians sometimes have their jests at "the scholar in politics." Doubtless he has, like other men, sometimes made mistakes. Perhaps he has occasionally overrated the value of his services. Very often, while pursuing a manly and straightforward course, he has been outwitted and circumvented by the cunning schemers who call themselves practical politicians, because they do not scruple to employ means to which he will not descend.

But no thoughtful man will deny that scholars as citizens have at least as plain and responsible duties as other citizens. Nor will it be easy to deny that if by reason of their training they have some special advantage for instructing and guiding others in the solution of grave public questions, they have by this fact a special responsibility and duty laid on them.

Now, if anything is obvious, if anything has been demonstrated by the history of this government, it is that our democratic institutions cannot be successfully worked unless we can somehow secure the prevalence of an intelligent pub-

lic opinion on public matters, and a general willingness on the part of our citizens to offer whatever sacrifices and render whatever services are required to make that public opinion operative.

Men have been very busy in devising various kinds of constitutional or legislative machinery to secure wise legislation and just and effective administration. But no improvements in organization, no contrivances, however ingenious, can insure us a pure democratic government, unless we have an enlightened public opinion and a democratic spirit guiding and sustaining it in all its life.

Says Lord Roseberry in a recent speech, in which he urges upon his countrymen the importance of providing more generously for education: "A great, trained and intelligent population, capable of sustained thinking on public questions, is essential to success in the modern world."

Now, there is a certain danger that men, who become absorbed in literary or scientific pursuits, lose somewhat of the interest, which it is their duty to cherish, in public affairs, or at any rate refrain from making the weight of their well-considered judgment felt by those around them. They may indeed seek no official position, and shrink from it if it is offered to them. They may prefer not to engage in the rough-and-tumble contests of bitter personal campaigns, though even this may at times become the duty of every good citizen. But in some manner, through some one of the many channels of influence open to every intelligent man, they should make their legitimate contribution toward the creation of a sound public sentiment in every emergency. If the maintenance of such a sentiment is the essential condition of the successful operation of republican institutions, how can the best trained minds plead any excuse for failure to do their full part in creating and upholding and

manifesting such a sentiment in every hour of the country's need?

There could be no greater calamity for the universities than for the belief to gain ground that the education they furnish to their choicest and most gifted graduates shuts them off from a living sympathy and fellowship with the great body of their countrymen who have not had the fortune to share their advantages of training, and from a vital interest in a pure and beneficent administration of government. It would be a calamity to the nation to have such a wall of partition between the scholars and the rest of the people. But it would, if permitted, be a yet greater misfortune for the universities which had begotten such children.

There is, indeed, little danger of such a calamity in very great national emergencies. The readiness with which in our Civil War the college halls were deserted by the thousands of young men, who hastened to the front, many of them, alas! never to return, is a sufficient proof of this. The peril is in quieter days, when it is not so obvious that the vigilant interest of all is needed to safeguard the public welfare, and when, therefore, the scholar, in the sweet seclusion of his study, is tempted to let things drift where-soever they will, without any remonstrance on his part.

We may confidently look for two results of the magnificent endowments of universities and institutions of research. The number of gifted men and women who will devote themselves to very advanced studies and to original investigations in every field of research will be largely increased. And the boundaries of knowledge will be expanded. Rich as the last century has been beyond all the centuries in important gains in every branch of learning, in the discovery of scientific principles, and in the applica-

tion of science to the arts of life, it is reasonable to expect that the gains of the present century will be yet greater. Happy are you who are young enough to cherish the hope of living to see them. Happier still are those choice spirits among you—and I trust there are some—who may be conspicuous in securing those gains for humanity.

AMERICA A WORLD POWER

ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND

WHAT I may speak of on this occasion is results of the war, manifest even at this hour, to America and to the world, transcending and independent of all treaties of peace, possessing for America and for the world a meaning far mightier than accumulation of material wealth, or commercial concessions, or territorial extension.

To do great things, to meet fitly great responsibilities, a nation, like a person, must be conscious of its dignity and its power. The consciousness of what she is and what she may be has come to America. She knows that she is a great nation. The elements of greatness were not imparted to her by the war, but they were revealed to her by the war, and their vitality and significance were increased through the war. To take its proper place among the other nations of the earth, a nation must be known, as she is, to those nations. The world to-day, as never before, knows and confesses the greatness and the power of America. The world to-day admires and respects America. The young giant of the West, heretofore neglected and almost despised in his remoteness and isolation, is now moving as becomes his stature. The world sees what he is, and pictures what he will be. All this does not happen by chance or accident. An all-ruling

Providence directs the movements of humanity. What we witness is a momentous dispensation from the Master of men.

To-day we proclaim a new order of things. America is too great to be isolated from the world around her and beyond her. She is a world-power, to whom no world-interest is alien, whose voice reaches afar, whose spirit travels across seas and mountain ranges to most distant continents and islands; and with America goes far and wide what America in her grandest ideal represents—democracy and liberty, a government of the people, by the people, for the people. This is Americanism, more than American territory, or American shipping, or American soldiery. Where this grandest ideal of American life is not held supreme, America has not reached; where this ideal is supreme, America reigns. The vital significance of America's triumphs is not understood unless by those triumphs is understood the triumph of democracy and liberty.

That at times wonderful things have come through war we must admit, but that they come through war, and not through methods of peaceful justice, we must ever regret. When they do come through war, their beauty and grandeur are dimmed by the memory of the sufferings and carnage which were their price. We say, in defense of war, that its purpose is justice; but is it worthy of Christian civilization, that there is no other way to justice than war, that nations are forced to stoop to the methods of the animal and the savage? Time was when individuals gave battle to one another in the name of justice; it was the time of social barbarism. Tribunals have since taken to themselves the administration of justice, and how much better it is for the happiness and progress of mankind!

It is force or chance that decides the issue of the battle.

Justice herself is not heard. The decision of justice is what it was before the battle, the judgment of one party. Must we not hope that, with the widening influence of reason and of religion among men, the day is approaching when justice shall be enthroned upon a great international tribunal, before which nations shall bow, demanding from it judgment and peace?

It was America's great soldier who said: "Though I have been trained as a soldier and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court, recognized by all nations, will settle international differences, instead of keeping large standing armies as they do in Europe." Shall we not allow the words of General Grant to go forth as the message of America?

It was Wellington who said: "Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again." It was Napoleon who said: "The sight of a battle-field after the fight is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war." War, be thou gone from my soul's sight! I thank the good God that the ghastly specter stands no longer upon the thresholds of the homes of my fellow-countrymen in America, or of my fellow-men in distant Andalusia. I ask Heaven: When shall humanity rise to such heights of reason and religion that war shall be impossible, and stories of battle-fields but the saddening echoes of primitive ages of the race?

America, the eyes of the world are upon thee. Thou livest for the world. The new era is shedding its light upon thee, and through thee upon the world. Thy greatness and thy power daze me; thy responsibilities to God

and humanity daze me—I would say affright me. America, thou failing, democracy and liberty fail throughout the world. And now, America, the country of our pride, of our love, of our hope, we remit thee for to-day and for to-morrow into the hands of the Almighty God under whose protecting ægis thou canst not fail, whose commandments are the supreme rule of truth and of righteousness.

THE SINGLE TAX

REV. T. E. COX

“THE Single Tax” is a term applied since 1888 to what Mr. Henry George first formulated as the only correct remedy for prevailing economic ills.

Single Tax is a tax on land in proportion to its site value, irrespective of the improvements it may contain or the uses to which it may be put. It is not a tax on real estate precisely, for real estate includes both the improvements and the land. Nor is it strictly a tax on land as such, for not all land should be taxed, but only that which has a proper value independent of all improvements.

Henry George believed that the Single Tax would do away with all other forms of taxation; that it would set commerce free, and leave labor unimpeded, for thrift and industry would not be discountenanced by penalties, as at present. Nothing but land would be taxed, and it would be taxed not in proportion to its area, but in proportion to its site value.

The Single Tax theory assumes: (1) That all men have naturally an equal right to the bounties of their common Creator—to land which is the passive source of wealth production; (2) That every man has an individual right to all the fruits of his own toil.

These assumptions seem to be self-evident truths—primary postulates of right reason. Therefore, if any man claims more than an equal right to the Creator's bounties, or a right to more than the full fruits of his own toil, the burden of proving his title rests upon him. It follows, clearly, that whoever appropriates more than an equality of land privileges has exceeded his right unless he compensates the community for the extra advantages which he enjoys. In like manner, he who takes without adequate compensation the fruits of another's toil is bound to restore.

The extra privileges associated with land constitute its site value, and the equitable compensation for these privileges is the measure and matter of the Single Tax. Land of itself has no value until the presence of population gives to certain parts certain advantages over other parts. Since it is society that gives to land its site value, society but claims its own when it taxes site values.

In final analysis, all private property is the product of labor, and is justly due as a reward to the toil that has produced it. To tax a man for toiling, for trading, for building, for making improvements,—in a word, for creating wealth,—is to deprive him of what is justly his. It puts a premium on idleness and a penalty on exertion. All other forms of taxation, except the Single Tax, violate the individual's right to property in the wealth which he produces or possesses.

The site value of land is not the result of industry or toil. We repeat, site value accrues to land from the presence of population. It is not the property of any individual. Hence, no one's property right is violated by the imposition of the Single Tax. The needs of society show that there must, indeed, be a right of exclusive possession of land. Secure possession is necessary for reaping the products of

toil. But this right of possession must be limited by the equal right of all, and should be conditioned on a payment to the public equivalent to the privileges enjoyed. In order that every one may be secured in his property rights to the things which he has produced, the right of property in what no one has produced must be denied. While it would be a violation of justice to tax labor, or the products of toil, it would be also unjust not to tax site values and special privileges.

If one thousand men have an equal right to occupy a theater, those who take the choicest seats should compensate those who are obliged to stand or take inferior seats. This is briefly the whole argument of the subject.

The Single Tax commends itself both by reasons of expediency and of morality. The Single Tax would simplify the assessment and collection of public revenues, and eliminate the present strain on public morals. A multitude of expensive officials now required for collecting taxes on other forms of property could be dispensed with. The public treasury would get a greater percentage of what is paid from the private purse. The site value of land is easily estimated. Land lies out of doors, it cannot be concealed. There could be no motive or reason for misrepresentation, perjury and bribery, and tax dodging would become a lost art.

The Single Tax would facilitate production, and one economic paradox, idle land and idle labor, would cease to exist. Land now held for speculation would have to be used or else dropped. The dog would have to get out of the manger. Vacant or half-used valuable land would be made to bear fruit.

Under the Single Tax, population would become more happily distributed. At present thousands in cities live

cooped up in tenements, because of the enormous speculative prices at which vacant lots are held. Elsewhere people are scattered too widely apart for personal and social development, because some who do not use, or only half use, the land, grab all they can get in the hope of profiting by its increase in value. Under the Single Tax, a man would not want more land than he could use to advantage, nor would he hinder another from using all he could pay the tax on.

The theory of Single Tax involves the imposition of no new form of taxation, since we already tax land values somewhat in taxing real estate. This tax, however, should be increased until it equals the economic rent, the annual site value, the "unearned increment."

It is believed that the "unearned increment" of land, like the coin found by Peter in the fish's mouth, would suffice to provide all necessary public revenues.

As population increases and public needs multiply, so would site values increase. If population were diminished, there would be need of less revenue; so, too, would site values decline. The Single Tax is a self-adjusting tax. It is likewise proportioned to benefits and privileges. It is, therefore, a just tax. It springs from society for the use of society. It seems to be the only natural and rational system of taxation.

MEN: MADE, SELF-MADE, AND UNMADE

(Abridged)

E. G. ROBINSON, D. D., LL. D.

Late President of Brown University

THE highest ideal of manhood that the world has yet seen now hovers before the minds of the Christian nations.

But, alas! how extremely small the number of those who ever approximate a realization of it. Geniuses may shoot above the common level, but they do not fill out the ideals of men. The ideal man is he in whom every endowment of his being is developed in harmony with every other, and each to the highest degree of which all are capable.

The one great aim of all education is, of course, to secure the highest style of men. In strict accord with a people's conception of the highest style will always be its methods of education; and the nearer its approach to a realization of its conception, the more exact and philosophical will be its educational methods. The greatest glory of any nation, country, or time, is its great men—men who are great, not alone by great talents or by deeds of great daring, but by great excellence of character and by nobleness of purpose and acts. To multiply for itself such men is the great aim of a people's system of education.

The most elaborate training, however, quite too often fails to produce first-rate men. Not unfrequently persons of high mental endowments leave our educational institutions crowned with academic honors only to drop at once into the ranks of the commonplace and the forgotten. Criticisms of our educational methods abound, and bitter complaints are heard on every hand, that they fail to secure to those subjected to them the efficiency and power of leadership which the educated are rightfully expected to possess. Not a few of the liberally educated, failing in what they have undertaken in life, are sneered at as the legitimate product of the schools and colleges. They have all of the form, but none of the power, of well-trained men. They are made men, who have been spoiled in the making. And what is it that has spoiled them?

The cause of failure doubtless sometimes lies in poor

teaching. Some teachers have a marvelous faculty for repressing rather than educating the powers of their pupils. They treat their pupils as the muleteer treats his mules: most approving them when they are most passive and docile in receiving and carrying their packs. They seem to suppose that the true function of the teacher is to impart rather than to draw out and stimulate to acquisition. Languages, especially the ancient classics, are too often taught as anatomists sometimes teach physiology—solely by dissection. The languages are treated as if they were literally, what they are often called, dead languages; as if, having long ago served their purpose as living tongues, their only use to us now is as illustrations of grammatical principles; and when they have served this purpose to the student, he is left to feel that, like the student of physiology with the cadaver when he is through with it, nothing else is to be done but to shovel the remains out of sight. Excessive doses of grammar have destroyed the appetite of many a student for the classics, so that he has dropped them from the day he ceased to study them in college. Another source of irreparable mischief in teaching is in the careless and slovenly work of men who make of teaching a temporary convenience for earning means to take them on to something else—making it a mere stepping-stone to other and more congenial work. Indifferent to everything but their stipend, they glide in the most perfunctory way through all their offices as teachers, killing by their indifference every springing germ of interest in their scholars. And I might add that others still, faultless in all the letter and minutiae of scholarship, and with the best of intentions as teachers, but naturally inert and self-contained, can awaken no enthusiasm in others, and succeed only in imparting of their own inertia to their pupils.

But it is not alone through faults of teachers that so many of the educated, so many of the graduates of our colleges, find themselves unfitted for success in life. Still more frequently the fault has been entirely with the educated themselves. And it often begins at the outset of student life. The road of the nobodies is already entered on when a student is willing to let other people do his hard work for him. If he lets his fellow-students work out his difficult problems for him, and unravel for him the mysteries of obscure passages in his translations, it will be easy to tell what his education will do for him. If he be content to submit himself in mere passivity to the carving hand of the professor, making no effort to acquire by his own exertions, it will not be difficult to foretell what he will have amounted to when professors shall have done with him. Docility is a prime quality in every good student; but docility and passivity are not identical. Receptivity is good; but receptivity with power to assimilate what is acquired, and multiply it, is far better. The pupil may present himself to the professor like a block of marble to be chiseled into form, or he may be like a tree which pruning and culture shall quicken into a healthier and more vigorous growth. Outward stimulus is all in vain, without the inward energy that reacts and receives and assimilates. A stick may be whittled into the form of a man, but, changed as it may be, it will still be a stick of a man. Alas, that so many of the liberally educated prove to be only half-animate!

With the utmost efforts to promote individual development, it is marvelous how almost uniformly the individual is merged in the mass,—how almost identical are the mental, social, and moral stamps put upon all the graduates of any single institution of learning. Any one of its graduates

will show you the general characteristics of all. All have been poured into the same mould, and the native force of some of them must have been sadly compressed. Carefully observing professors in our professional schools easily distinguish between the differing types of mind and character coming from the different colleges,—can almost determine with accuracy the college a student has come from as soon as they have had fair opportunity to gauge him. College professors, after due experience, can even make some very happy guesses as to which of the great preparatory schools a boy has come from when they have had opportunity to taste the quality of his preparation. Even different law schools put a not undiscernible difference of impress on their graduates. Theological schools put a most conspicuous difference of stamps on theirs. The stamps of those of the same communion differ widely. It was not therefore a wholly ungrounded caricature once made of a theological school, representing it as a grist-mill, into whose hopper men of the most diverse stature, weight and dress were being dropped, while from the farther side of the mill a long procession of clericals was emerging, every one of whom was precisely like every other in height, and weight, and carriage, and apparel. To cramp a man into likeness to other men, is to cripple him, if not to unfit him, for any efficient service in this world. Teachers, like rescuers of the freezing, must force their pupils into self-exertion if they would save them.

Young men seeking an education are pretty sure to end in becoming mere made men when their ambition rests content with doing simply the tasks assigned for the recitation room. Of course, the tasks should command the first attention. They are assigned for the best of reasons. If needed to master them, they should absorb one's whole attention.

But the tasks are not for their own sakes. Made an end in themselves, they are sure to dwarf the doer of them into an intellectual puppet or a parrot. Multitudes of men are scattered throughout our country who were admirable at their tasks in every stage of their education and in every department of knowledge,—who even went forth as honor men from the halls of learning,—but who, in all effective work in human society, are hopeless failures. You find them at the bar and you find them in the pulpit; professors' chairs are not without them; and they are not wanting in the halls of legislation,—admirably carved semblances of cultivated manhood, having all the shape and comeliness but not a whit of the living power of well-trained intellects. For them the work of the college and the schools was its own end; when it was finished they had "attained." They rested on their laurels. Their education, so far from fitting, simply unfitted them for the work which a waiting world had a right to expect from them.

But whatever the process, and whatever the product in the making of men, one of the saddest aspects of human life is the number of the well-made who finally unmake themselves, and end their days in ultimate ruin of both mind and character. But let it ever be remembered that personal ruin comes neither by fate nor by fiat. Not even omnipotence can destroy rightly built character. No lightning bolt can shatter it, no flood drown it, no fire consume it. It is indestructible, except by him who has formed it. Only the man himself can destroy himself. Personal ruin, moreover, comes not as sudden catastrophe, but as the result of causes, hidden, it may be, but long at work. Human wrecks are not wrought in an hour. It was not a sudden and new-born impulse that prompted Lord Bacon to offer his smooth palm for the bribe that has blackened his name

forever. The cinders and molten lava of the volcano are not born of a single day's burning.

Evil thoughts are sure in due time to breed evil deeds. Man is social; the social prompts to the convivial; the convivial adds to its festivities the cup of exhilaration. The exhilaration may be a very little flame at the first, but, lighted often, it speedily blazes into an all-consuming fire which, yielded to in youth, dominates manhood, trampling all goodness and beauty into the mire.

But it is not alone a collapse of character that is to be guarded against: a lesser, but still a deplorable calamity, not unfrequently befalling educated men in our time, is a species of intellectual bankruptcy,—a bankruptcy in some cases foreseen and foretold,—as when one seeks to prepare himself for a profession by the shortest cut possible, and simply to gain a livelihood; in other cases, a bankruptcy unexpected and utterly disappointing, as when one proposing to prepare himself for a profession, resolves to enter on the practice of it only after the completest preparation that the highest industry can secure. As a student, he outstrips his fellows, acquiring with rapidity and retaining with ease. His literary and scientific studies are finished with applause. His professional training is passed through with great credit and the functions of the chosen profession are assumed. To these functions is given an undivided attention. They absorb the whole man. The studies that engrossed him in the academy and roused him to enthusiasm in college have dropped out of mind. College books that were not sold when finished are thrown aside as lumber. The *imago* of the insect is not more removed from its *larva* state than this professional man from his school-days. The connection between the two periods is not that of continuous and consciously organic growth, but of an

unconscious metamorphosis. The student has been lost in the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, the editor, the engineer. Here and there one rises to the full, rounded distinction of both scholar and professional man, a few attain to eminence as masters of the technicalities of their professions; but a countless number sink into mere professional hacks, prostituting their professions into mere livelihood trades,—of whom the great public soon wearies and refuses to take account. The wealth of learning which they began to accumulate with such fair promises, husbanded and added to, would have enriched life and increased their power; but they are intellectual bankrupts.

And yet even to these the training of the school-room and of the college has been invaluable. They gave a mental discipline and useful knowledge which could have been obtained in no other way. Even the professional hack is a better hack for having been well trained in intellect. Without due mental discipline, neither the principles involved in the professions could have been properly understood, nor the functions required have been intelligently performed; and without the drudgery of the schools the requisite mental discipline would have remained unattainable; and among all the studies yet open to man, none seem so completely capable of fulfilling at once the double office of discipline and of subsequent usefulness in life as those languages on which the existing literatures of the world more or less directly rest, and those sciences out of which are daily springing the discoveries and inventions that are fast changing the face of the whole earth, and serving as vehicles of the thoughts that are to transform into neighbors and brothers all the races of mankind.

NOBILITY OF LABOR

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's greatest ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world,—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theater of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization; on the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness.

This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious

of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature,—it is impiety to Heaven,—it is breaking Heaven's greatest ordinance. Toil, I repeat,—TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand,—is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

USES OF EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, LL. D.

President of Harvard University.

BEFORE we can talk together to advantage about the value of education in business, we ought to come to a common understanding about the sort of education we mean and the sort of business. Nobody doubts that primary- and grammar-school training are useful to everybody; or that high-school training is advantageous for a clerk, salesman, commercial traveler or skilled workman; or that technical- or scientific-school training is useful to an engineer, chemist, electrician, mechanic or miner. Our question is, Of what use is the education called "liberal" to a man of business? The education called "liberal" has undergone a great expansion during our generation, and is now, in the best institutions, thoroughly conformed to modern uses. All universities worthy of the name—even the oldest and most conservative—now supply a broad and free range of studies, which includes the ancient subjects, but establishes on a perfect equality with them the new and vaster subjects of modern languages and literature, history, political science and natural science. We must not think of the liberal education of to-day as dealing with a dead past—with dead languages, buried peoples and exploded philosophies; on the contrary, everything which universities now teach is quick

with life and capable of application to modern uses. They teach indeed the languages and literature of Judea, Greece and Rome; but it is because those literatures are instinct with eternal life. They teach mathematics, but it is the mathematics mostly created within the lifetime of the older men of this generation. In teaching English, French and German, they are teaching the modern vehicles of all learning—just what Latin was in mediæval times. As to history, political science and natural science, the subjects themselves, and all the methods by which they are taught, may properly be said to be new within a century. Liberal education is not to be justly regarded as something dry, withered and effete; it is as full of sap as the cedars of Lebanon.

And what sort of business do we mean? Surely the larger sorts of legitimate and honorable business; that business which is of advantage to both buyer and seller, and to producer, distributor and consumer alike, whether individuals or nations, which makes common some useful thing which has been rare, or makes accessible to the masses good things which have been kept within reach only of the few. That great art of production and exchange which through the centuries has increased human comfort, cherished peace, fostered the fine arts, developed the pregnant principle of associated action, and promoted both public security and public property.

With this understanding of what we mean by education on the one hand and business on the other, let us see if there can be any doubt as to the nature of the relations between them. The business man in large affairs needs keen observation, a quick mental grasp of new subjects, and a wide range of knowledge. Whence come these powers and attainments—either to the educated or to the uneducated—save through practice and study? But education is

only early systematic practice and study under guidance. The object of all good education is to develop just these powers—accuracy in observation, quickness and certainty in seizing upon the main points of a new subject, and discrimination in separating the trivial from the important in great masses of facts. This is what liberal education does for the physician, the lawyer, the minister and the scientist. This is what it can do for the man of business; to give a mental power is one of the main ends of the higher education. Is not active business a field in which mental power finds full play? Again, education imparts knowledge, and who has greater need to know economics, history and natural science than the man of large business? Further, liberal education develops a sense of right, duty and honor; and more and more, in the modern world, large business rests on rectitude and honor, as well as on good judgment. Education does this through the contemplation and study of the moral ideals of our race; not in drowsiness or dreaminess or in mere vague enjoyment of poetic and religious abstractions, but in the resolute purpose to apply spiritual ideals to actual life.

When the universities hold up before their youth the great Semitic ideals which were embodied in the Decalogue, they mean that those ideals should be applied in politics. When they teach their young men that Asiatic ideal of unknown antiquity, the Golden Rule, they mean that their disciples shall apply it to business; when they inculcate that comprehensive maxim of Christian ethics, "Ye are all members of one another," they mean that this moral principle is applicable to all human relations, whether between individuals, families, states or nations.

Again, higher education has always made great account of the power of expression in speech and writing, whence

has arisen an opinion that liberal education must be less useful to the man of business than to the lawyer or minister, because the business man has less need than they of this power. Have we not all seen, in recent years, that leading men of business, particularly those who act for corporations, have great need of a highly trained mind, of clear and convincing expression? Business men need, in speech and writing, all the Roman terseness and French clearness; the graces and elegancies of literary style they may indeed dispense with, but not with the greater qualities of compactness, accuracy and vigor. It is a liberal education indeed which teaches a youth of fair parts and reasonable industry to speak and write his native language strongly, accurately and persuasively. That one attainment is sufficient reward for the whole long course of twelve years spent in liberal study. But you say, This is all theory; what are the facts with regard to the connection between higher education and successful business life? Among the young men who have graduated from Harvard University within forty years, there have been many cases of rapid advancement from the bottom to the top of the business corporations in great variety. A young man leaves college at twenty-three and goes into a cotton mill at the bottom; and in four years he is superintendent. Another lands in a western city, three days after his graduation, without a dollar, and without a friend in the city; and ten years afterward he is the owner of the best establishment for printing books in that city. A young man six years out of college is superintendent of one of the largest woolen mills in the United States. Another, a little older, is the manager of one of the most important steel works in the country. These are but striking examples of a large class of facts.

Successful business men themselves give no doubtful answer to the questions we are considering. Successful business men, with the rarest exceptions, wish their sons to be educated to the highest point the sons can reach. No matter whether the father be himself an educated man or not, when his success in business has given him the means of educating his children, he is sure to desire that they receive a liberal education, whether they are going into business or not.

Finally, liberal education is an end in itself apart from all its utilities and applications. When we teach a child to read, our primary aim is not to enable it to decipher a way-bill or a receipt, but to kindle its imagination, enlarge its vision, and open for it the avenues of knowledge. The same is true of a liberal education in its utmost reach. Its chief objects for the individual are development, inspiration and exaltation; the practical advantages which flow from it are incidental, not paramount.

For the community, the institutions of higher education do a like service. They bring each successive generation of youth up to levels of knowledge and righteousness which the preceding generation reached in their maturity. Public comfort, ease and wealth are doubtless promoted by them; but their true and sufficient ends are knowledge and righteousness.

BOOKS

HENRY WARD BEECHER

A BOOK is not merely so much printed paper and the binding. Right books are the epitomes of men's lives. They are the grain; straw and chaff driven away. The best moods, the final learning, the inspiration of the noblest hours of men with whom the world has dealt as a furnace

deals with ore, they are the treasury in which men have heaped the golden ingots seven times refined. Books outlive empires. They fly without wings, walk without feet; houses of supply are they, that without money or price feed men suffering from soul hunger. They feed thousands without diminishing the supply; they give and yet keep. Loaves that increase as they are broken, and after feeding thousands, are ready for thousands more.

Among the eminent joys of which the world knows little is the exhilaration of collecting books. For the sake of a precious volume one willingly sleeps on hard beds, eats coarse food, wears threadbare clothes, refrains from social delights, and watches eagerly the slow savings until the price is reached. Then he brings home the volume as one brings home his bride. It is a bride that never disappoints—it is always Rachel, never Leah. Books have no moods. They do not cry nor strive, and yet silently the world, as in a magic glass, exhibits the turmoil of history, the garments rolled in blood of war, the scenes of peace, the ecstasy of love, the anguish and agony of grief. Silent, they sound again all the notes of time; motionless, they repeat the strife of ages; without heart, they throb with all the emotions that have filled the noblest and the meanest souls! They redeem the past from death, and give to evanescent thought an earthly immortality!

When, one by one, a loving student has gathered from all departments of human learning a multitude of books, they are not alabaster vases filled with the sweetest perfume of the human soul, they are living creatures; they are companions; they have received the homage of our best hours. We have hung our hearts upon them, and as they sprang from the noblest parts of their authors, they are clothed with the noblest associations of our own lives.

But this transfiguration refuses itself to those who do not love books, or use them, or live with them. It is the scholar, almost too poor to buy the candle to light his midnight communion, that enters into this airy commonwealth of the souls of departed men. But a time comes often when the student must leave his books; that is easy. A time comes when his books must leave him; that is bitter indeed. Take the scanty furniture, leave only bread and water on the table, but spare the books. Alas! the destruction of the poor is their poverty.

WEALTH

As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, How does that man get his living? And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous, until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the commonwealth. Nor can he do justice to his genius without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence. He is by constitution expensive, and needs to be rich.

Wealth has its source in applications of the mind to nature, from the rudest strokes of spade and ax, up to the last secrets of art. Intimate ties subsist between thought and all production; because a better order is equivalent to vast amounts of brute labor. The forces and the resistances are nature's, but the mind acts in bringing things from where they abound to where they are wanted; in wise combining, in directing the practice of the useful arts, and

in the creation of finer values, by fine art, by eloquence, by song, or the reproductions of memory.

Wealth is in applications of mind to nature; and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms or longer legs; another sees by the course of streams and growth of markets, where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago, but it is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam pipe to the wheat crop. Puff now, O Steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England.

Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the flood, until a laborer with pick and windlass brought it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization; for coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the Polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a half ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power.

When the farmer's peaches are taken from under the tree and carried into town, they have a new look, and a hundredfold value over the fruit which grew on the same bough, and lies fulsomely on the ground. The craft of the merchant is this bringing a thing from where it abounds to where it is costly.

Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so as to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn; in a good double-wick lamp; and three meals; in a horse or a locomotive to cross the land; in a boat to cross the sea; in tools to work with; in books to read; and so, in giving, on all sides, by tools and auxiliaries, the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it added feet, and hands, and eyes, and blood, length to the day, and knowledge, and good-will.

Wealth begins with these articles of necessity. And here we must recite the iron law which nature thunders in these northern climates. First, she requires that each man should feed himself. If, happily, his fathers have left him no inheritance, he must go to work, and, by making his wants less, or his gains more, he must draw himself out of that state of pain and insult in which she forces the beggar to lie. She gives him no rest until this is done. She starves, taunts and torments him, takes away warmth, laughter, sleep, friends and daylight, until he has fought his way to his own loaf. Then, less peremptorily, but still with sting enough, she urges him to the acquisition of such things as belong to him. Every warehouse and shop-window, every fruit tree, every thought of every hour, opens a new want to him, which it concerns his power and dignity to gratify.

—*Emerson's Essays.*

EXPANSION

HON. HENRY L. WATTERSON

THE traditional stay-at-home and mind-your-own-business policy laid down by Washington was wise for a weak and struggling nation, and, if it could be adhered to, would

be wise for every people. But each of the centuries has its own tale of progress to tell, each raises up its own problems to be solved. The difference between a scattered population, fringing the east Atlantic seaboard, and eighty millions of people occupying and traversing the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is too great to admit of contrast.

As no preceding cycle, the intervening century has revolutionized the world. Another century may witness the transfer of human ambitions and activities from Europe and America to Asia and Africa. The Pacific, and not the Atlantic, may become the wash-basin of the universe. Can the United States stand apart and aside while these movements of mankind, like a running stream, pass them by, an isolated and helpless mass of accumulated and corrupting riches? We could not if we would, and we should not if we could.

We must adapt ourselves to the changed order. We must make a new map. The vista, as it opens to our sight, is not so great as would have been the vista of Texas and California, Florida and Alaska to the eye of Washington. For all his wisdom, the father of his country could not foresee electricity, nor estimate the geographic contractions it would bring. Already the old world is receding. Another world is coming into view. The statesmanship of the twentieth century must address itself to this, and will be largely constructive in its character.

The United States from now on is destined to be a world-power. Henceforth its foreign policy will need to be completely reconstructed. From a nation of shopkeepers we become a nation of warriors. We escape the menace and peril of socialism and agrarianism, as England has escaped them, by a policy of colonization and conquest. From a provincial huddle of petty sovereignties, held together by

a rope of sand, we rise to the dignity and prowess of an imperial republic incomparably greater than Rome.

It is true that we exchange domestic dangers for foreign dangers, but in every direction we multiply the opportunities of the people. We risk Cæsarism, certainly; but even Cæsarism is preferable to anarchism. We risk wars, but a man has but one time to die, and, either in peace or war, he is not likely to die until his time comes. In short, anything is better than the pace we were going before these present forces were started into life. Already the young manhood of the country is as a goodly brand snatched from the burning and given a perspective replete with noble deeds and elevating ideas.

VALUE OF REPUTATION

CHARLES PHILLIPS

WHO shall estimate the cost of a priceless reputation, that impress which gives this human dross its currency, without which we stand despised, debased, depreciated? Who shall repair it if injured? Who can redeem it if lost? Oh, well and truly does the great philosopher of poetry esteem the world's wealth as "trash" in the comparison! Without it, gold has no value; birth, no distinction; station, no dignity; beauty, no charm; age, no reverence. Without it, every treasure impoverishes, every grace deforms, every dignity degrades, and all the arts, the decorations and accomplishments of life stand, like the beacon-blaze upon a rock, warning the world that its approach is dangerous, that its contact is death.

The wretch without it is under eternal quarantine; no friend to greet, no home to harbor him. The voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril; and in the midst of all ambition

can achieve, or avarice amass, or rapacity plunder, he tosses on the surge, a buoyant pestilence. But let me not degrade into the selfishness of individual safety or individual exposure this universal principle; it testifies a higher, a more ennobling origin.

It is this which, consecrating the humble circle of the hearth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon, which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country, which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man, which, if it does not inspire, will at least invigorate the martyr to merit immortality, which, when one world's agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning, will prompt the Prophet, even in his chariot of fire, and in his vision of heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory. Oh, divine, oh, delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves; pious the life it testifies; pure, precious and imperishable the example it inspires!

Can there be conceived a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable jewel, to rob society of its charm and solitude of its solace; not only to outlaw life, but to attain death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and shame? I can conceive few crimes beyond it. He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time; but what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person affects that which medicine may remedy; but what herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander? He who ridicules my poverty, or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve and integrity may purify; but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? There can be no injury more deadly. There

can be no crime more cruel. It is without remedy. It is without antidote. It is without evasion.

The reptile, calumny, is ever on the watch. From the fascination of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime, it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when bloated with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities.

GROWTH

"The development of a soul; little else is worth study."

IN that quiet moment, in early morning, before the sun has come, and while the night still lingers, there comes a feeling of awe; we seem to be standing in the presence of a miracle. The dawn of a new creation is about to take place before us. We know not what shall come out of the shadow. All nature seems subdued, as we might fancy it was when its Maker breathed upon it his approval in creation's dawn. The birds and beasts seem to partake of this dim religious feeling. Eternity seems near. Heaven lies all about us. A mean thought is impossible as one watches the stars hastening back into the purity of their eternal home, while the damp veil is softly shifting to reveal the tear-stained face of mother earth.

Yesterday was; to-day is not. It comes a new creation—a new wonder. We glance at the past; we do not read it. Even when we hold the present in our hand we fix our eyes on the future. The day comes; the world is already old; men are as they were yesterday, only worse.

But night approaches, and if you go out on a level prairie or down to the water's edge you shall feel again some-

thing you experienced in that holy moment that was neither night nor day. Or, again, what is there in the time of the return of birds and in the budding of the trees that makes the most delightful part of the year? The dull monotony of winter is changed into a time of infinite surprise. Spring's bright children come creeping up through the earth; as yet there is no notice of what they will become. Is it a rose or only a briar? Is it a pansy or a weed? Shall its fruit be sweet or bitter?

That which we experience in the early morning, at evening, and in beholding the new creation that each May-time brings; in admiring the beauties that the Great Artist produces in the foliage with his frost brush; in watching the look of wonder and of perfect faith that shines out of the child-eyes; that feeling of dread, of awe, of subdued hope that fills our hearts in the presence of the mystery of death (the other and larger half of life)—all of this is but a declaration that we will never be satisfied with dull monotony, with stagnation, with a settled condition. To stand still is to die. Life is movement, is an on-going, an out-going, and an upward-going.

If there is anything that fascinates us, it is to watch the development of something. A small cottage, yes, a log house, has more charm for us while in process of erection than the stately block completed; one glance suffices and we eagerly turn to something new.

The flower in the bud is more beautiful than the full-blown rose; no more of surprise as to what its color, its shade, its perfume is to be; it is complete. The great thought of science in these times is the universal reign of the law of growth. Growth is change, is development, is mystery; hence our attraction to whatever is in the plastic, the formative state. This thought can be traced in the de-

velopment of science, in the study of history, in the growth of literature, in the study of religion, in the rise and decline of institutions, and in the lives of individuals.

What is the reason that nations have risen to a certain height and then have declined? Is it not to be found in their disregard for this law of growth? Revolutions never happen in progressive governments; they cannot. But where statesmen are bent on preserving the traditions of their country, where they are seeking to build a higher and diviner hedge about any institution, they can be sure that the only real divinity has long since flown. There is always something more in the unwritten constitution than men have been able to frame into words.

We are only law-abiding men when we have respect unto the higher law. Creeds are never written until men have begun to grow cold in heart. Looking closer, we see that this general law of growth, of development, applies to political parties. In England there are two great parties, one, the Conservative, whose eyes are ever set toward the past, who never comes forward except when pushed by the Liberal party. And should a time come when the party in power shall cease to be affected by the liberal ideas, it is only a question of time before this spirit of man which is ever advancing will burst out in revolution. In our own country when a party, as the old Whig party, can no longer keep pace with the times, it must give way to the Republican party. But this party is no divinity; it has no perpetual claim upon the sufferance of men. It found the constitution a sacred instrument, but not so sacred that it might not be changed, amended and added to. While the Republican party represented the youth, the conscience and certain great moral principles; while it looked to the future rather than to the past; while it was a synonym of liberty, equality and

a larger life, it commanded our interest, our sympathy and our support. But when it grew timid, corrupt and cowardly, its strength and its beauty were gone. When it no longer beckoned us to advance, but bade us stand still; when it pointed to the past, proudly vaunting its record, but had no word for our present greatest need, we turned from it. We love it for what it was, but we will not follow a ghost though he conjure with the names of Lincoln and Grant.

Turn again, if you please, to the history of religious movements; we hear little of tradition, usage, custom, creeds and standards of authority while they are real movements.

Only when men have lost their enthusiasm for work and begin to doubt the divinity of their call, do they begin to build hedges to shut in the truth, and not infrequently succeed only in shutting God out.

Look, if you will, at two or three men who have exerted a powerful and unique influence upon the thought of England and America: Take two characters very unlike, F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, and Henry Ward Beecher, of America. In what consisted their charm? Was it not in this—that they were growing men, ever ready to welcome any new truth, regardless as to whether it fitted decorously into their intellectual furnishings or not? Does not some of the interest that attaches to these men arise from the fact that some of the time they walked in the shadow?

Was there not, in their soul struggles, something strangely fascinating, something invigorating? Do we not love them because of their doubts? Is there not something in the struggling man that draws us to him?

These men had not settled theology in the sense that they had gone the whole round of creation, and had compassed

into their head or heart perfect truth. Such men have no settled creed, for they are continually reviewing, amending, striking out or adding to,—in fact, they are living up to the demands of the hour. To them the world is ever new. The voices of inspiration have not forsaken men. The Bible is but a text-book, Christ and truth are not to be shut between its lids, but are ever seeking to break forth.

In literature the tendency toward growth is seen in as marked a way as anywhere. When Pope would write his best thought, he took man as his subject, treated him as a finished being, and proceeded to analyze him as one would a finished piece of machinery.

To-day, great poets do not take humanity for their subject; they have grown wiser and more modest.

They in the true scientific spirit take man, then a day out of his life, and study it, trying as best they can to see how he came into the condition in which he now is; but as he is a man, poets pronounce no final judgment upon him, but content themselves with studying his present mood, watching his actions under given conditions, always leaving room for the play of deep and subtle influences which may not be visible even to the keen eyes of poets.

The great exponent of this truth—the prophet, poet, king in the literature of our day—was Robert Browning, the soul's interpreter.

"The secret of life in Browning is inspiration toward the unattained."

"The one tragedy of life is arrested development."

"Growth or degeneration, these are the two eternal facts."

"We judge by reach, not grasp."

"What I have aspired to be and was not, comforts me."

"'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do."

"I say a man was made to grow, not stop."

"Man knows partly, but conceives beside, creeps ever on from fancies to fact."

"Finds progress man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beasts'! God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

"You must fix some uncertainty with faith if you would have faith be."

"As it was better youth should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
So better age, exempt
From strife, should know than tempt
Further Thou waited age;
Wait death nor be afraid."

"Grow old along with me;
The best of life is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith: A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor be afraid!"

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

AULD LANG SYNE

WE are always being sermonized about the days of "Auld Lang Syne"—the olden times of perfection, when sermons were preached for love, not praise; when politicians worked for patriotism, not glory; when newspapers were published for truth, not money; when women cared not for fashion, but domestic joys; and men gave up horse-races for the society of their wives; and in fine, when the whole world was well and good, and nothing bad existed.

These croakers stand on the "Night's Plutonian Shores."

and mutter their talk of a day that is past and done, with the patience of Poe's raven—moaning his unchanging "Never-More." They throw stones of unforgiving ridicule at our advances in science and inventions, and call them "War against Nature;" our comforts and luxuries as enemies to physical and mental development, and they are constantly sighing for those pleasant days of old. O, yes—

"Those pleasant days of old, which so often people praise,
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days,
Bare floors were strewn with rushes—
The walls let in the cold,
Oh! how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old."

Pleasant it may have been to travel in the slow coach, or languid sailing vessel; but we prefer to sail from one side of the continent to the other or cross oceans on the wings of steam. How tedious must have been their anxious waiting for the post-boy's long-delayed arrival. We prefer the modern mail, which brings us yesterday's billet-doux; the telegraph, with electric flash, or the telephone's magnetic voice; the telegraph binding us to continents and relieving our minds at noon as to how Europe views an international event, or how our President and Congress have concluded in matters of great interest.

The newspapers of those days were but records of gossip, which had grown old when it was published. News ran then from mouth to mouth; the post-boy brought it to the groups collected round the country store; gossiping tongues carried it, and finally it reached the heavy Gazette. The papers of to-day are mirrors of the world of fact and thought. Before we eat our breakfast, our hearts are throbbing with those of the great world, as we read the chronicle of yesterday's doings, and the predictions of great minds for the future. In our individual world, no matter

how small, interest is keen, and from the newspaper we learn its gossip and traffic, its joys and woes; and all to this messenger feel inclined to be—

“To its faults a little blind;
To its virtues, very kind.”

Welcome are they to the narrowness and harshness of a religion—the sore evil of which Heaven has sent science, laws and culture, to broaden and deepen, and soft-voiced ministers to expand with an ounce of sugar to the pounds of salt.

Welcome are they to a code of social ethics, which prescribed to a woman that the reward of all her existence, the arena of all her accomplishments, the conditions of all her ambitions must be matrimony. Few thanks are due to all the talk and blarney of platform oratory, nor to the screams or protests for woman's rights that this condition has been abolished. But to the progress of a generous age, which puts education into the head of a woman, making her alert, self-reliant and capable, bracing her up to bear life's ills undaunted, must we give the credit. If the true knight comes to meet such enamoring one—should she be skilled in bookkeeping, wise in astronomy, or learned in Latin, she will be none the less a helpmate and companion than the woman whose greatest ambition is to wash and scrub and bake and mend, or that other whose highest aim is to make a cherry-pie, and have lily-white hands.

To all these vaunted pleasures they are twice and thrice welcome. Nor do we concede that the world has gone all astray. There may be more crime, more folly, more general demoralization, because there are more people. And in exact proportion has there been an increase of goodness, wisdom and everything right.

"We think not, those of old
Were better men than now,
Of more ingenious brow.
We heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise;
As if they thus could check the course
Of this progressive age."

I propose a sacred truce and a reverend bow to memories of "Auld Lang Syne," and a ringing toast to the poet who said:

"O those blessed times of old, with their chivalry and strife,
I love to read their chronicles which such brave deeds relate.
I love to sing their ancient rhymes—to hear their legends told,
But Heaven be thanked! I lived not in those blessed times of old."

MANUAL TRAINING

It is through the use of tools that man has reached the place of supremacy among animals. As he increases his stock of tools, he recedes from the state of savagery. The great gulf between the savage and civilized man is spanned by the seven hand tools—the ax, the saw, the plane, the hammer, the chisel, the square and the file.

The discussion of the question of manual training in the public schools has advanced beyond the merely theoretical condition, and is now in the practical stage. Manual training overcomes one of the greatest difficulties that the teacher of the present day has to contend with; viz., the lack of concentration on the part of pupils, and their inability to reason. This want of mental power on the part of children of to-day has been growing more and more apparent, as our country has become more settled and its inhabitants more wealthy.

The deficiency in this respect is largely due to the fact that the children have few or no duties outside of the school-room that tend to develop their powers of perception and observation.

Formerly, when our country was new and we had no large cities, nearly all the boys and girls had responsibilities at home that were developing them both physically and mentally; for any responsibility, no matter how small, develops certain characteristics in a person.

The requirements thus made upon the children of those days were in the nature of manual labor. In many cases a chance of education in schools depended entirely upon the amount of manual labor performed by the pupil when out of school; and the result was steady growth of mental power and vigor as well as bodily strength.

What teacher ever complained of the boy or girl who was compelled to earn his or her own schooling?

Was there a lack of concentration or attention in these cases?

What was the result when these pupils reached manhood or womanhood?

Were such persons compelled to wander from one place to another in search of employment, through inability to think and act, as so often is the case with the many thoughtless youth of to-day?

Manual training does not mean learning exclusively for trades, it means training the hand and the eye to work with the brain, and to help it think and express itself. Manual training exercises have always proven successful when tried. Their introduction into the schools of Sweden has been followed by a spirit of industry, thrift and sobriety among the people. In the various cities of the United States, wherever introduced, it has proven not only of great

economic value, but an educational process of the greatest importance.

It has been proven that the training at the industrial schools, by fostering a spirit of industry; by teaching useful trades, enables the young man to grapple, successfully, with the difficulties of life, and to the same extent checks immoral tendencies.

There seems to be a prejudice against manual labor, by the young people of to-day in nearly every station of society, that is leading to great evil. But when we have the manual training-school as a part of our educational system, this state of things will be entirely changed; for then mental training and physical development, going hand in hand, will be equally appreciated and likewise honored.

After leaving school, the practical student will be better qualified than the mere text-book student to deal with the social problems he will be called upon to solve. The time has come when something more than purely mental work is demanded from the schools. We are not only to educate the few who are to become doctors, lawyers and teachers, but the prime office of the schools is to help the great majority to solve the bread and butter problem, and to enable them to become good and useful citizens. No one can deny that the young man who has been studying words is less prepared for the world than he who has been studying things.

Wendell Phillips said: "Our school system is too short, and in justice to boys and girls, as well as to society, it should see that those whose work in life is to be one of manual labor, should be prepared for it." Opinions of this character might be multiplied almost indefinitely. The value of the public school system as an enlightening and civilizing agency is not to be underestimated. It was not

established as a special industrial agency, it was established as a bulwark of liberty, and nobly has it fulfilled that mission. The colonial fathers had a horror of ignorance, and as a barrier against it established the public school.

The effect of manual training upon the more useful arts and upon the commercial greatness of a people, has had no better illustration than in the history of France. In millions of French people are found the artistic temperament. They supply the foundries, factories and shops of the country with designers and decorators. France has been devastated by mighty wars, her expenditures have been enormous, but notwithstanding all these drawbacks, she has reached the summit of prosperity through the monopoly which she holds in the markets of the world for many kinds of commodities which depend upon design and finish. The foundation of her success was laid when art-industrial schools were first established for the instruction of her youth.

The "World's Fair," held in Chicago in 1893, in honor of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus, appeared the culminating point of one great epoch in the history of man's industry. Never before was there a larger gathering or greater exhibit. No exposition of the past ever received the support of more than one-third of the nations of the globe, while the Columbian Exposition received recognition and application for space from every civilized nation of the globe. The ends of the earth awoke, and in honorable emulation lay before the public gaze their triumphs over nature and submitted their works to the judgment of the world's jury. This wonderful exhibit has become a matter of history, but the great results, the mighty influence of the gathering, are now manifest among us. There, the hard-handed mechanic learned a lesson of his deficiencies as a workingman, and the man of

thought saw the points in which American manufacturers fell short of excellence.

Hence, there has arisen on the one hand a desire to learn and on the other a willingness to instruct. Then the problem presented itself—How can the mass of busy workmen learn? How can an industrial education be diffused?

The problem has been seriously considered, and advanced thinkers on the subject do not hesitate to recommend the adoption of manual training as a necessary part of instruction in our schools. If it is said that this should be done in the workshop or manufactory, let it be remembered that apprenticeship in the trades has almost disappeared in this country, and well-trained, native-born Americans are becoming scarcer every year. Our mechanic arts are falling into the hands of skilled foreigners. The occupations calling for taste, for artistic touch in their manufacture, are mainly held by skilled European workmen, who have emigrated to avail themselves of the multitudinous advantages offered by our great and noble republic.

The way in which manual training ought to be carried on, and the extent to which the public schools can be used for this purpose, has been shown by the experience of those schools which have undertaken it. For the most part, the manual school should affiliate with the high school, since the pupils for the former are to be recruited from the latter. The pupils might pass from the high to the manual department at regular, selected hours, just as they pass into a classroom for a literary recitation.

One who gives this subject much consideration can scarcely fail to see that industrial schools could be made the means of developing the resources of the state, of curbing evil propensities and of training the rising generation to the duties and responsibilities of American citizens.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE

THERE is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess—a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot—I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that.

I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage.

But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean,

low or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-trans-
porting thought of the good and the glory of one's country,
are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism
which, catching its inspiration of the immortal God, and,
leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grov-
eling personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts
to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death
itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest
of all public virtues!

EVERYTHING HAS ITS MODEL

At first, this may seem too broad a statement, but I
believe that an examination of certain well-known facts
will either convince us of its truth, or awaken in our minds
a desire to know how generally it may be applied.

The model may be in a real tangible form, or it may
be only a mind picture. God, in making this world, did not
form it without thought, but saw with his mind's eye the
world as it would look when he had completed it. So we,
in building a house, conceive in our minds just what we
wish the house to be in all its parts, and from this concep-
tion we draw our plans from which the builder constructs
the house.

When a new machine is invented, the inventor's con-
ception is embodied in a small model, from which its merits
may be ascertained, and others copied.

The artist, in painting his beautiful pictures, follows the
model which his imagination has formed.

The junks which the Chinese and Japanese use are
modeled after the Chinese Emperor's shoe. The junks used
by the Japanese are considerably superior to the ones in
use in China, but all are clumsy, and though incapable of

much speed, have proved themselves safe and serviceable on voyages extending even to America.

Even in writing, we copy from models to which all people adhere more or less closely, and also in our talk and manners, we copy, unconsciously, after some other person.

Prof. Morse was some six thousand years behind in his invention of the telegraph, as we already had these useful instruments in the nerves of our bodies; for the nerves telegraph messages to the brain, and then carry back the information needed. The same may be said of the telephone, which is a faithful copy of the human ear.

When we study the construction of our most important implements, we discover that they are true copies of some parts of our bodies, and simply a further completion of them. In the first stone hammer, man unconsciously imitated his forearm and closed fist; in the shovel and spoon we see the forearm and hollowed hand; in the saw the reproduction of a row of teeth; tongs representing the closing together of the thumb and finger; in the hook is represented the bent finger; the pencil is simply the forefinger prolonged. So we see in all implements, from the simplest to the most complex, only an improvement and completion of the human organs.

It has often been noted that a child takes the life of some person who is prominent in his life, perhaps, or even some person of whom he has read in history, as a model after which he is to shape his own career. The success of this plan depends largely upon the nature and character of him who tries it. It is often very successful if the will is strong enough to withstand the temptations in his path which would deter him from his chosen course.

Even the birds, in building their nests, copy after the nests which their predecessors have built. We all know

that each species builds certain styles of nests, and have often wondered how they instinctively construct nests which are peculiar to their own species.

We have all noticed the work of "Jack Frost" upon our windows on a cold, frosty morning in winter. Now, what does this cold, chilling individual take for his models? If we stop to think a moment, I think we can recall having traced houses, trees, shrubs, delicate leaves and vines, and if one has a very vivid imagination he can trace old castles on the banks of picturesque streams or among lofty mountains.

The development of the child from infancy to mature years is marked by the same stages of advancement, both physical and mental, that marked the development of the race to which it belongs, from its primitive condition. If we trace man's gradual advancement from the savage state, we find that it corresponds to the development of the child, in which at first the animal nature predominates, but is afterward controlled by the mental and moral faculties as they become more fully developed.

All nature, all human experience, seems to abound in models and their copies. Whatever we do seems to be a conscious or unconscious imitation.

After what, then, shall we model our character? Whether we will it or not, it will be modeled after the ideals which we have always before us, after our ambition and inspirations, and if our ideal or model is a noble one, so will our character be worthy of esteem and admiration.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BOYS ?

THE question, "Ought girls to know anything?" is one that has been discussed for centuries, until now we can hardly pick up a newspaper without stumbling upon some

article entitled, "What Shall we do With Our Girls?" "The Education of Girls," "Short Talks With Our Girls," or something similar, until we are as familiar with such productions as editors are with spring poetry.

The men who write these articles are extremely moderate in their demands. They require only that all girls should at least have the advantages of a high-school education, and at the end of this career should be a combination of all the virtues and graces, having a healthy body, sound mind, sweet disposition, even temper and a handsome face. She must be thrifty and intelligent, perfect housekeeper, excellent cook, needle-woman, nurse and a fine laundress. She must also be an ornament to society, an active member of literary and benevolent societies, and, if thrown upon her own resources, capable of excelling in any one of the numerous occupations open to women. Furthermore, she is always expected to have plenty of leisure in which to read and cultivate her mind.

I do not wish to insinuate that what is recommended for us girls is anything out of the way. Far from it. I wish only that we were capable of reaching such an ideal; but if we were, where is the boy who could equal us? In order that they should not be left behind in the race of life, let them be educated up to the same standard of excellence. I am not willing to admit that the boys are in any way, naturally, inferior to girls.

Considering the question, "What shall we do with the boys?" from the same standpoint that the men write on the subject, "What shall we do with the girls?" every boy should be his own tailor, hatter, shoemaker, carpenter, blacksmith, bricklayer, architect, painter, farmer, gardener, merchant, grocer, bookkeeper, clerk, "butcher, baker and candlestick-maker." If he has had the advantage of a college

education, he ought to be prepared to be his own minister, teacher, doctor and lawyer. In the line of amusements he must be his own actor, singer, lecturer and circus. He must be a society man and a politician, besides fulfilling his duties toward himself and family.

You may not think this just, as there are more occupations for men than for women, but the extra number of vocations assigned to them is reasonable because of their great amount of strength—for where is there a boy or a man who will not willingly contract the muscles in his arms to compare it with any girl's or woman's muscle?

It will not hurt the boys to know a very little about housework; and suppose they were taught enough so that when their mother should want to go visiting, they could get themselves a lunch without leaving the house looking as though a cyclone had passed through it. It would do them good to know how to sew a little, so that if they happen to lose a button, they will not waste their inventive genius in rigging up an intricate arrangement of sticks and strings to hold the wrecked garment in its place.

The worst of all this is that boys seem so lacking in the good sense and judgment upon which they plume themselves that they actually take pride in such deficiencies, and will come to their mothers to have a button sewed on.

Boys, if there be any of you who are preparing yourselves for some great Indian fight, go take your revolver from its hiding place and lay it carefully in the river. Practice gymnastics in some other way than by flourishing an old, rusty sword of your father's or grandfather's, or striking it with your whole strength at some imaginary Indian. Do not think that after reading a few dime novels, cleaning the rusty sword, and making a knapsack out of carpeting, that you are ready to start on your Western career, where you

will perform such deeds of bravery that your name will go rattling down the ages, never to be forgotten. Is this what America's young apostles ought to be? Boys, you may never see a live Indian in your life, except in a side-show, or a street parade, and it would not be wise for you to attempt to kill one of these. So don't waste your time reading such trash, but remember that you are the beginning of the men that will form the next generation; and the knowledge that is in those books will never aid you to decide on any great political question.

Boys should not grow up with the idea that it is in any way belittling to learn a trade. Too many boys have the idea that they can better satisfy the aspirations of their souls by spending their days in measuring prints and ribbons, or by scribbling behind a bank counter, than by becoming master mechanics, with soiled hands, perhaps, but commanding respect and high wages everywhere.

Remember that the most and best that you are good for is work, and the most and best that is good for you is work. Be thankful for the opportunities for it, and you will grow strong in influence and goods. Be aggressive. Push on, without trampling on the rights of others. Do not suffer for lack of travel and of sport. See what there is in the world; it will be of inestimable stimulus to you.

Now, neglected and downtrodden boys, arise! Travel no longer in the dust. We believe you are capable of better things. If we follow the Scriptural injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked together," then it is imperative that you should improve yourselves.

Be not discouraged with comparing yourselves with the ideal set before you. Perhaps if you do your best to fashion yourselves after this model, future generations, in taking up this work, may achieve results which you must

of necessity fall short of; and while you who began this work lie in obscurity, they will blossom forth into a glorious manhood.

For the sake of yourselves, your homes, your country and posterity, I beseech you, think solemnly of these things and yourselves

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS

THE progress of learning before the sixteenth century was very slow, and not until after that century was much advancement made. True, the past has not been barren; its literature may be said to have been grand. Homer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and others are immortalized for their delineations of the beautiful and sublime.

In the time of Bacon, thought was just taking root; the laws of nature and philosophy that were understood were few, and it is not strange that during a great calamity, ignorance and superstition led them to invent various and imaginative theories as to the causes of natural phenomena, some of which were very crude. Others, who had enough knowledge to dislodge superstitious fears, but with the imaginative minds born of several generations of unchecked growth, were led to give full play to their fancies in the beautiful poetic effusions, which constitute so large a part of the literature of the past. This may account for the fact that in the present practical age, we have but little that will compare favorably with the fanciful writings of the Elizabethan era. Probably many years will elapse before it will be equaled, and yet there is reason to believe that such a state of mental development will be reached that the will can receive the thought in any channel without the result of seeming artificial. People of the present gen-

eration have been accustomed to hear from the earliest childhood the causes of most phenomena of nature, and, instead of their imaginations exercising full authority, and leading them into gross errors, they are checked, and reason is made predominant. The feeling is thus instilled that first thought may be fallible. More care is used, and second thought aids in reaching conclusions.

This has become an age of reason. "Lunatics, lovers and poets" are classed as one. A desire to know the truths of science has become almost universal, but how sadly is it found that little is known of man, of his surroundings, of his past, or of his future. It is true the progress of the present has been rapid; but has it been as rapid as it should be? Considering a moment, it is appalling the amount of time that is wasted. Indolent persons are always tired, others are mentally defective, while others, who constitute the majority of public benefactors, are simply urged on by a desire for private gain. These are often held up before the young as models for them to copy. Careful, conscientious persons, however, do not consider them worthy of the honor.

Some maintain that an honorable, upright manner of living is all that is necessary; but this is contentment, arising from inertia. Why not think and act, try to gain more knowledge and solve all philosophical problems? But why do this? Because it leads to happiness, to honor among men, ennobles them, giving them a refined pleasure and contentment, which are infinitely better than the contentment of inertia. The misery and complaining of thousands would soon disappear if they would only open their eyes to the fact that it is their duty to themselves and to their country to labor and study during the short period of earthly existence. Some will maintain that everything is perfect, while

others believe that the glorious zenith of development is yet in the future; that the present age has but just reached the verge of the immense fields containing secrets of the sciences which, when divulged, will revolutionize the world.

The remark is frequently heard that "the history of the past is the history of the future;" that our republic will have its point of culmination, from which it will decline, as did the Roman Empire. There can be no foundation for this prediction. Our government is built on a different basis. Rome attained ascendancy by force of arms; she fell for want of intellectual and moral training among the masses. Provision is being rapidly made in this country to guard against this danger, and it will not only serve for the preservation of the Union, but will be the proper means for eradicating the inherent evils of state, which now agitate the people and impede their progress.

IS WHATEVER IS WORTH DOING, WORTH DOING WELL ?

WHAT difference will it make a hundred years from now, how this is done? The answer will depend upon the nature of the act under discussion. If this be of great importance to the nation, or to the world at large, there can be but one reply. Did Lincoln take half-hearted measures when he issued and enforced the Emancipation Proclamation? But acts that are in themselves of such moment are not required of most men.

What we do is usually a stepping-stone—a foundation for future effort. There are people who spend all their time in getting ready to work, and who never have time to begin. They give too much energy to the tool. But

this class is small. In these hurried times, when the prevailing desire is to get rich, most men regard too much of their preparation as mere expedient—something done to serve only just for its time. They desire to acquire sudden wealth without paying for it a legitimate price in labor, and they strive to get out of work ten times more than it is worth. The common disposition to-day is to shirk hardships and all responsibility that does not lead to immediate and showy results. Yet most of the acts of our lives are in their outcome of great importance, either to ourselves, to the community or to posterity.

“The child is the father to the man.” How often this statement is presented, without a true realization as to its meaning. The child shows its inclination and disposition; as it grows older these develop more fully, and when manhood is reached, he takes up just these characteristics to gain his living. Isn't it in the first place the parent's duty to encourage habits of industry and thoroughness, and encourage them to their fullest extent, so as to make him firmly believe that “whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well?”

If the merchant desires trade, he must advertise, and a young man who begins business without money or influence must establish for himself a character as well as a trade. His gains are necessarily small at first, but in time he will make for himself such a reputation as to tide over hard times and occasional losses. The business habits that he will acquire will make him careful in investments and wise in the use of his income. Such a man can realize that “what is worth doing, is worth doing well.” But one who starts in business with a capital finds that this takes the place of long industry, for he is able to buy a well-built-up trade, which is the result of many years of close attention to

details. This man may not appreciate this maxim until his business is wrecked, and then it is too late.

Of course, it is a pleasant thing to live under prosperous circumstances and to have leisure, that is, to have nothing to occupy our spare moments but enjoyment; but this pleasure cannot exist except when surroundings are the result of worthy exertions.

Day in and day out, man works. Though it is not for the love of labor, it is for the comfort that labor gives. These are not results of poor work, but of vigorous exertions. Is the man who cares nothing for the way things go on—whether the result be good or poor, a delegate for an easy future? Can he gain the blessings of life? No! for he is not entitled to them.

What makes the silks from China, the cloths from England and Germany, and laces from Switzerland so famous? It is not the result of half-done work, but the knowledge of the weaver and spinner that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," that develops such beautiful results of skill.

Do not we, as Americans, go on, day by day, doing things in a slipshod way, finishing our duty in the easiest manner, letting this slide through, and that go to ruin, instead of exerting our energies and making this an ideal country?

The resources of this land are being used up rapidly, and with great waste; though the result may be satisfactory to the individual, posterity must suffer unless a change is made. A part of the damage can never be repaired. Some of our native birds, animals and plants are almost extinct. The climate of Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin has become windy and dry, more like that of the Dakotas, through the felling of our great natural forests. These

facts may not predominate now, but add another century to our history's record, and what will be the result?

Every man owes a duty to his successor as well as to himself and his neighbor. One may not do what he will with his own, for the gifts of this world are loans to be well used and kept uninjured. There is not a single good in any instance that can be secured without a sacrifice that corresponds to its value, and there is never a good action that does not reward, or at any rate wait to reward one's expenditures.

Do not look about too much for the reward's proverb. If your undertakings are worth doing at all, they are worth doing well, and one's self-interest is the best promoter in such cases and tasks.

"Well-worthy and well-done acts, like well-done meals, are easy to digest." Circumspection and care, even in the smallest matter, are necessary, for a little neglect may make a great difference in the result.

MUNICIPAL REFORM

MUCH attention has been given of late to the weak point in our political system—the government of cities. This is a living question, and we are repeatedly asked, "Why are American cities so generally misgoverned, and what is the remedy?" This question has long been discussed, and the discussion has produced many plans of reform, some of which have resulted in the establishment of anything but temporary improvement.

When city government first failed to give satisfaction, the earliest and not unnatural appeal was made to the States. Most of the States tried to remedy the government by creating commissions having direct authority from the State

to do work which, under a prosperous government, should be performed by city officials. They also passed mandatory laws compelling cities to undertake public work, whether they wished to or not; and they further interfered quite generally in the details of city action. Even at the present day, except in a few cities, the Legislature, under the power to provide their charters, can interfere with their affairs. Sufficient tests have been made of this remedy to make it perfectly clear that the cities should have the power to organize their own system of government, leaving to the State control over such matters as concern it alone.

Certainly, the primary end of every reform system is good city government; but there is no prospect of obtaining it in the cities, until the "party government" is overthrown. If there could be genuine municipal parties, representing divisions between citizens on questions of municipal concern only, one need have no fear of party government in its application to a city. But when party lines are drawn upon questions on which local matters have no bearing, the evils of the party outweigh whatever advantage the system may have.

The concern of party managers is for the party. They feel no responsibility toward the city, but great responsibility toward the party. Few of them are wise enough to see that one serves his party best who serves his city best. The mayors, therefore, are made to feel under obligations to those who elect them, and it requires more courage to resist this obligation than most of them have.

Any change that leads to the separation of city elections from those of the State, should be made. Yet it is plainly seen that the general public interest cannot be maintained for two elections a year. Consequently, the lesser, or city elections, attract a fewer number of citizens to the polls.

It is true, however, that the average citizen is affected financially more by the character of the city government than he is by either the State or the National. Nevertheless, many more vote at the Presidential election than at any other.

We are inclined to charge all the worst evils of our misrule to the ignorant and corrupt vote; but the trouble is, that men of intelligence and character, who are most needed in public affairs, do not perform the part they should. Not only do they decline to take any part in the nomination of officers, but they refuse to accept nominations. This need not surprise us, if we consider how temporary and uncertain is public life. It cannot be expected that young men of talent and character will enter into public service until they are offered inducements to do so which are as attractive as those offered by professional and business life. What every worthy man seeks is a position which promises to give him sure employment, with a promise of wealth, or at least a comfortable living. If he could see such a promise in the public service, he would enter into it eagerly enough. The result is that, as a rule, the capable young man shuns public affairs and looks for an occupation in another direction.

The American municipal reformers are not mistaken in thinking the Brooklyn plan well suited to the needs of our cities at the present time. In this plan the mayor is the chief officer. He is elected on a general ticket and receives a large salary. The executive power is put entirely into his hands, and he is held responsible for the whole administration. He appoints the heads of all departments, and they are directly responsible to him, as he is to the people. Their term expires with his, and therefore a change of mayor places within the reach of the voters a change in the entire character of the government. Under such a system,

the people know the remedy for misrule is within their reach. The officers know this also, and must rule justly if they wish to retain office.

By this system, party politics are done away with. There being a good compensation offered for public service, more intelligent men are attracted to the polls, and a greater proportion of good men will accept offices. By this means only can we obtain good city government. In order to establish such a system in our cities, the people must be brought to a thorough understanding of it. Once in practice, municipal reform will be a thing of the past. The work is a great one, and requires intelligence, perseverance and courage; but it is one which ought to arouse the spirit of every American who loves his country and desires to serve it.

"BY THEIR FRUIT YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

You will all remember that this proverb was taken from an old book—the Bible—and its truth has often been proved. All through life we have learned that there are poisonous influences all about us, and it is necessary that we examine closely not only what we eat, but the books we read, and the company we keep, so that the fruit by which we are judged may be something more than leaves.

In our lives we are constantly bearing fruit. Perhaps we are not aware of it, but every word and every act is a seed which will spring up and bear fruit; and whether it be good or bad depends upon ourselves.

If at all times we make the most of our opportunities, do what we know to be right, and in our relations with others always follow the Golden Rule, we will constantly

benefit some one, because every noble act bears its legitimate fruit.

While, on the other hand, if we spend our time in idleness, choose our associates from the degraded, it will not be long before we will be like them.

By some careless act, unconscious, perhaps, we may mislead one of our fellows, and thus the fruit of our lives be shown to be worthless, or worse than worthless.

We cannot always tell the character of a tree, or of a person, by a fair exterior. We must examine the fruit in the one case and the life in the other.

Personal comeliness and pleasing manners are often used as a disguise to cover a vile character. When we hear accounts of murder, theft and other kinds of wickedness that are constantly going on, and are thus led to think of the men and women who are becoming moral and social outcasts, we are filled with contempt for them, yet pity them to think they have so little force of character. But they are only bearing the fruit of seed sown in early life.

No doubt some of these lacked the power to grasp the opportunities about them. Those who complain of this loss confess their own weakness—their lack of efficiency. They show that they are not equal to the occasion, that they are not greater than the obstacle that confronts them. Too often that an opportunity must necessarily be something great and unusual; but the fact is, the stepping-stone to the place above us is in the very thing we are doing, and the way we do it. Bacon says, "Do not despise any opportunity because it seems small. The way to make an opportunity great is to take hold of it and use it." By doing this we will be bearing fruit which will be of benefit to our companions and to those who come after us.

To produce good fruit, it is necessary that we should

have good ideals. By an ideal is meant an aspiration of the soul to be, or to do that which is most worthy of itself. Those moments of exaltation, when true manhood conquers the baser self, when we are conscious of a flood of pure and generous emotions surging through our being, those moments which instill in us a spirit that strives toward higher levels, and toward better thoughts and greater acts of service for our fellows—who would forget them and their influence? “The situation that has not its ideal,” says Carlyle, “was never yet occupied by man.”

When we read the works of a noted author, we sometimes seem transported to another world. We know the people he is describing; we walk by his side over mountains, through valleys, expose old ruins and castles, and visit many places of interest with him.

This author's life has borne fruit, perhaps centuries before we were born, by which our lives are brighter and better. It is such fruit as this that has aided us so much in revolutionizing the world.

Let us, then, carve out our ideals and make the most of our opportunities, and though we may not succeed in being to the world what Milton was, or Newton, or Dickens, we can cheerfully cultivate the talents God has given us, and bear such fruit that the world may be better for our having lived in it.

WE BUILD THE LADDER BY WHICH WE RISE

AS WE look over the history of mankind from the earliest period of civilization to the present, we find characters that have risen from positions of obscurity to others in which they have exerted a marked influence upon their associates, and upon the age in which they lived. There

were no carefully constructed steps to assist them in climbing to these positions, but upon some sure foundation they began the construction of a ladder, adding to it round after round by patient toil, and rising step by step, till they reached a place where no others were able to stand.

There are few people in the world who have not engaged in the branch of architecture called castle-building. These airy palaces contain the most pleasant abodes for the builder. We may have planned our way through life, but as time passes, with its inevitable ups and downs, what a different picture is presented to our view! We learn that we must build upon a surer foundation, for life, with its duties and difficulties, is a reality.

We are sometimes inclined to think that the little incidents of common, every-day life, are of little consequence, and if we could only do something of some importance we would be happy. Great things are not done in a day. Twenty-four hours are far too short to do anything that will make one famous, but it is not too short to do something, and the many little things added together make the great one. The earth is composed of atoms, the century of moments, and our lives of little acts. If we expect to reach a higher position, such common tasks must be performed, and perhaps after these we will find our greater life-work. Life would hardly be worth living if our thoughts were for ourselves. All the beauty in nature was made for our enjoyment, so our actions should be for the good of those around us. The present alone is ours, and wasted opportunities are never presented to us again.

Every one should have some work to do, and after selecting some object worthy of attainment, work for that alone. We may start at the lowest step, but if our chosen occupation will bring us at last to a higher one, we need

not be discouraged. Many of those who have gained the object of their labors worked years for it; as many years may have been spent by another of equal ability, who sought a number of prizes and gained none.

A good education is almost indispensable as an aid to one who is struggling to gain a place in the front rank of the world's workers. I used to think that when the a b c's were learned, the most difficult step toward all education was taken, but these are only the implements with which we work to acquire facts and learn truth. Those who have reached the higher round are never satisfied with what they have done and willing to lay aside their work, but still push on, hoping to attain higher eminence.

Only to careful study can we ascribe the progress made in the different branches of science and art in the past. The earth has been called the geologist's "puzzle-box," and in the starry heavens above us the astronomer has found problems too complicated to be solved by ordinary processes.

We may not be building a structure by means of which we expect to make our names famous, but we are all building the invisible framework of character. May the material of which it is composed be the best, and may it be held together by the nails of pure motive and noble purpose.

Life is made up of success and failure, and those who are the most successful are the truest and best workers. We all expect success, and this stimulates us to greater activity. Often, however, instead of our efforts being crowned with success, we meet with failure, but our failures, as well as our successes, should be steps by which we rise to greater usefulness. Now, we rise only as we place our difficulties under our feet.

Usually the greater the natural endowment, the higher the aim. Buffin's definition of genius, "It is patience," does

not seem exaggerated when the achievements of patience are considered. It is an old and oft-quoted proverb that "Where there's a will there's a way." Though the way may be beset with difficulties and progress seems almost impossible, yet by overcoming those that are nearest, a way through the others may be opened. It has been said of a distinguished artist, that he painted the chips scattered about his father's farm, and then struggled through many, narrow straits of poverty and oppression before the great men of the nation came to his studio for their portraits. Only by perseverance are we able to overcome the opposition which we meet in life. The sweetest flowers are guarded by the sharpest thorns, so our greatest achievements may be surrounded by the most trying difficulties.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And mount to its summit round by round."

AMERICA'S COMING GREATNESS

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

STANDING here amid the sacred memories of the first century, on the golden threshold of the second, I ask, Will the second century be as grand as the first? I believe it will, because we are growing more and more humane; I believe there is more human kindness, and a greater desire to help one another, than in all the world besides.

We must progress. We are just at the commencement of invention. The steam engine, the telegraph,—these are but the toys with which science has been amused. There will be grander things; there will be wider and higher cul-

ture—a grander standard of character, of literature and art.

We have now half as many millions of people as we have years. We are getting more real, solid sense. We are writing and reading more books; we are struggling more and more to get at the philosophy of life, of things—trying more and more to answer the questions of the eternal Sphinx. We are looking in every direction—investigating; in short, we are thinking and working.

The world has changed. I have had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it my eyes were filled with tears; I felt that we had carried out the Declaration of Independence, that we had given reality to it, and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect the colored man and his little children—standing straight in the sun, just the same as though he were white and worth a million.

All who stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the three grandest words in all the languages of men. Liberty: Give to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hand and of his brain. Fraternity: Every man in the right is my brother. Equality: The rights of all are equal. No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of men. The Declaration of Independence has at last been carried out in letter and in spirit. The second century will be grander than the first. To-day the black man looks upon his child and says: The avenues of distinction are open to you—upon your brow may fall the civic wreath. We are celebrating the courage and wisdom of our fathers, and the glad shout of a free people, the anthem of a grand nation, commencing at the At-

lantic, is following the sun to the Pacific, across a continent of happy homes. We are a great people. Three millions have increased to fifty—thirteen States to thirty-eight. We have better homes, and more of the conveniences of life than any other people upon the face of the globe. The farmers of our country live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have given us all. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the obligation—who has the best heart—the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, is the best man. We have disfranchised the aristocrats of the air and have given one country to mankind.

WHAT AMERICA HAS DONE FOR THE WORLD

WHAT has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge the labors of Franklin present an illustrious, it is still but a solitary exception.

The answer may be given, confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom

Europe has been slow and reluctant to honor, we would reply, that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and therefore, that, for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force, we must look not so much to the works of prominent individuals as to the great aggregate results; and if Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into succesful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talented patriots always equal to the difficulty?

Is it nothing to have, in less than a half-century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations;

every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the muse's foot-step is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

THE TRUE SOCIALISM

FRED E. MORGAN

HARMONY is the ideal of the universe. Law, the divinely appointed means to its attainment.

Governments and societies are the natural and necessary products of man's nature, and, as such, are the embodiments of laws whose source and authority are the very nature of the component individuals. Society is the aggregate of its members—a form springing from their relations. Thus the great principles of right, justice, truth and duty, which include all the principles of individual development, also contain all the laws of governmental and social development. Disregard for these principles will reproduce upon the last land of the Occident the fearful tragedies of Greece or of

Rome, or will precipitate another Reign of Terror that shall flood the corruption from our borders on the crimson tide of our brother's blood. While the loyal American is loath to overcast the present by somber shadows of imagined disaster, yet he listens to the mutterings of popular discontent with an ear open to their real import. With reverence and with humility should the guardians of the nation strive to respond to the cry of distress sent up by the oppressed and poverty-stricken of America.

But what are these social ills? Symptoms, nothing but symptoms. The disease is deeper. As the physician, by classifying symptoms, discovers the deep cause of bodily ailment, and then applies his remedy to that cause, so shall we endeavor to trace social symptoms to their cause and there to apply the remedy.

The particular problem with which Socialism deals are problems of Political Economy—the Production and Distribution of Wealth.

The four great wealth-producing factors are natural resources, labor, capital and social organization. When these blend in harmonious activity, the production of wealth reaches its maximum. Monopoly of natural resources, the perverted application of capital, strikes and corrupt legislation, resulting in extortionate prices, strangled industries, scarcity of labor, hundreds of millionaires and millions of poor, cannot be charged to the operation of any law of political economy, but rather to the violation of the foundation principles upon which economic law rests.

Again, the five acknowledged and legitimate channels of distribution are rent, interest, wages, profits and gifts. Through rent, interest and wages, the legitimate monopolist, the capitalist and the laborer would receive emoluments equal to the contribution of each to the entire prod-

uct; and through profits would be received the gain accruing from co-operation and skill. If these laws were unobstructed in their operation, justice would be meted to all, the laborer would be neither idle nor ill-paid, prosperity would bless every home, and the peace of abundance soothe every heart. But scarce half the products of the nation's toil is thus sent on its mission of mercy. Fraud, theft and robbery, whether in official garb or tattered rags, despoil honest labor of its just reward. Bribed legislation directs the streams of need's demands and delivers to the tens, the necessities of the thousands. The gambling of stock exchange is a vampire which sucks the very life-blood from the nation's need. The dragon of monopoly propounds the riddle of "life by competition" to the myriads of struggling underlings, and rends them to fragments when unable to solve it.

Such are the symptoms. The commonwealth ceases to be common and becomes oligarchical. But every act is in view of a motive; what, then, has prompted the violation of these principles, when the inevitable result is so momentous? Thou defaulter, who has pilfered the widows' mites and the orphans' pennies entrusted to thy faithless care; thou king of mines, who hast hoarded the hard earnings that should have bought bread; thou rumseller, whose vile vocation is to blight youth, to damn men, to break the mother's heart, and crush the wife's spirit; thou money king, who art gloating o'er wealth that has left many a foot shoeless and many a hearth cold, humanity demands somewhat of thee. Answer, before God and man. "For what hast thou oppressed thy brother?" List, how the truth condemns them! Reluctantly they mutter: "Self." Ah! well answered. Guilty, depart. There is the subtle, the real cause of social corruption and disease—selfishness, the

source of all human woe, the replenisher of Hell. Assume any other as the cause, and all treatment is futile. Face to face we come to the perplexing question: "What remedy is efficient?"

Do the proposed methods attack the real cause of social corruption? Worse than idle is any antidote which proposes to destroy the symptoms of disease, without eradicating its cause. Extreme socialism, nationalism, anarchism and communism deal with symptoms, not with causes. They operate superficially, attempting to annihilate the outgrowth of an evil, the cause of which they cannot reach. They seek to reform by negatives. They would supply all by denying the rights of any. They cancel individual responsibility, invite despotism. They smother enterprise; make the poor poorer; the indolent more indolent; the leeches of society more numerous by the bestowal of unwise charities. They call robbery, justice, by presenting to the thief what he would have stolen. He is a thief still. "They strive to solve the problem of suffering without eliminating the element of sin." As long as selfishness is the power that impels men to violate economic law, and to seek in every industry and enterprise a philosopher's stone, so long will gaunt poverty and gluttoned wealth curse the land we love. If we would stem this mighty flood of corruption, assuredly must we go to its source, the motive power of man, his affections and desires, his heart—the man. Any system, method, or ism, which reaches not this source, falls paralyzed and powerless.

Whither must we look for a principle or a power adequate to the demand? The demand is moral, the answer must be moral. Is bare ethics sufficient? A glance at history reveals the answer. Emerging from the depths of barbarism, grand in his solitude, wonderful in his achieve-

ments, a Confucius taught a morality surpassed only by the living precepts of the humble Nazarene. But to-day China is a heathen nation. Greece, the morning star of civilization, scoffed at her Socrates and demonstrated the weakness of man's morality by drowning its utterances in the silence of the poison bowl. Even Israel, the chosen of God, is wandering, the vagabond of the nations, for clinging to former morality, and rejecting the life-giving principles of the God-man. Nothing but a vitalized morality, a morality whose obligations spring from Jehovah, a morality whose expression is the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God, a morality whose code is the precept of the Son of Love. "Love one another even as I have loved you." Nothing but such a power can hurl the demon of selfishness to the pit and save our beloved America. Such a power is Applied Christianity. The perfect Man was the ideal Socialist. In his life were revealed and applied all the principles, which, if actualized in America, would make a divine-human commonwealth. By his disciples were taught the essentials of ideal socialism.

When Competition follows the Golden Rule, when Monopoly recognizes that "the love of money is the root of all evil," when Wealth loves its neighbor as itself, when men are brothers in the Christlike sense, then, and not till then, will selfishness be annihilated, and social problems be solved. Economic law will be disenthralled and free to work the public weal, and to its salutary operation will be added the blessings of brotherhood.

Americans, are we proud of our freedom? Do we glory in our liberty? Omniscience has granted them only that we might prove worthy the boon. What has made dear to the heart of every American, the men whose loves and lives have been lavished upon the fatherland? Applied Chris-

tianity. What has traced the names of Washington, of Lincoln and Garfield in garlands of glory upon America's honor-roll? Applied Christianity. As the existence of the nation was made sure by Washington, Lincoln and Garfield, as parent, preserver and purifier of the nation, so the country's destiny depends upon the application of this same Christianity to the heart and life of every citizen. With Emerson we would say: "We live in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of Divine Providence on behalf of the human race." America saved, the world saved. Every day is an epoch; every hour a crisis. The nations are watching the struggle. Well might our own Longfellow sing:

"Thou, too, sail on, oh, ship of state!
Sail on, oh, Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hope of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

NEW OPPORTUNITIES IN A NEW AGE

PROF. SHAILER MATHEWS

It is not so very long ago that men were thinking and talking of a new world, wondering whether or not a new world, a world outside the pale of their immediate knowledge, really existed. They were hazarding opinions and finally hazarding fortunes on the finding of a northwest passage which they hoped would lead them around the globe back to the shores of the world they knew.

They tried this experiment and landed, partly by accident, on the shores of land which had lain possibly for

centuries out of the vision of the civilized body of humanity. This, a few hundred years ago, was the new world, an uncut, untouched ground for the development of men. It is not a new world now, we have made the old world new by infusing the freshness of the new into it, we have made the new old by formulating it and holding it to its shape under the influence of the old.

Our world is not getting old, it is getting newer every day that passes. We cannot reckon its age by the mere passage of time, the day for such measuring of age has passed, and in the new way we must admit that every year, every hour, the world is becoming less old.

We can remember, some of us who do not think ourselves very old, people who lived in the time of Napoleon, who speak of him and remember him as you and I will speak of and remember Togo and Oyama, only they remembered that Bonaparte was beaten, and we have had no chance to do that. So even the passage of years since our present and the present of our ancestors has not been great.

In that short time, however, we have seen things happen, seen developments in all lines of life which would have astounded the prognosticator of the previous century, and it is safe to say that we young people are bound to see other marvels which will be equally astonishing to the present-day prophet.

There are things to-day, such as electric lights, gas lights, telephones, bicycles, which have become so commonplace as to have ceased to excite our wonder unless we stop and reflect, and yet I venture to say that many of the graduates I am addressing can remember when some of these things were not. We have seen such changes made in all walks and places of life, have we not every reason to suppose that the giant intellects which are working, puzzling, problemizing

in their secret places, have in store for us surprises for the future of even greater magnitude?

We are in a new age, we are to have new opportunities, we are to have new fields for action, there are to be new ways of doing and living. Not only is this to take place in a purely material way, as the direct result of new professions created by discoveries of hitherto unknown methods of doing things, but it is going to surround humanity with different influences, it is going to make different demands of men.

Uniformity is to be one of the leading characteristics of the new age. We are apt to misunderstand this term, and to place an entirely erroneous construction upon its meaning. The statement that the coming age is to be one of uniformity does not imply that we are all to sink to a common level, and that the difference of opinion which makes competition is to entirely disappear. It simply means that we are to conform in our ideas, that we are to have common sympathies, that we are to have ideas and ideals in common, and that we are to strive to a greater degree toward common goals.

The new age is to make new opportunities because of its scientific progress as well as its ethical change. Not only are some new things, of which as yet we can say nothing, to dawn upon our industrial horizon, but sciences at present in their infancy are to be developed beyond the scope of our imagination; and beyond all this, vocations which we think have been carried to their full extent will be practiced to a measure surprising us.

It is my opinion that the new age is to be in many ways a sedentary age, and there are some natural results dependent upon this statement. We have occupied about as much of the world as we can, we must learn to take care of that part which we have, and to make the best of it. However,

we may progress in the realm of science we may make, we are still dependent to a great extent upon nature for our livelihood, and in my opinion the study of agricultural science will be one of the great vocations of the future.

We may make plunges into the realm of the unknown in science, demanding a vast amount of mental power, but we must be equally fertile in order to learn how we may refresh the worn out, grown out, petered out land of our farms. We may some of us irrigate a desert and make lots of money for a time, but even the desert land will be played out some time, and we must place our dependence on the land which is already ours. In the future one of the most priceless gifts which we can bestow on our children will be a bit of ground which they may cultivate.

The spirit of democracy which we so cherish will realize its true growth and will spread in its true nature in the future. We are apt to think that to-day our commonwealth is the embodiment of elemental democracy, but while we have taken gigantic strides toward that Utopian condition, we delude ourselves to an extent. Is it not true that we look for our ideals, for our examples, for our training and our teaching to a body of leaders? Do we not place our trust and our hope upon them?

Men in the positions which are not above the rank and file are to be the strong men of the future. It is to be an age of strength among those who are led rather than those who lead. It is to see the development of the democratic spirit in all its sublimity.

Not very many of us are going to be very rich or very famous. We are going to pass into that vast concourse of men in moderate positions and become parts of that great army whose strength shall exceed that of the men who have led us.

New demands are going to be made upon us by the future, demands which have been made through the ages, but which are to be emphasized by the changed conditions. The future is not going to demand of us that we make great fortunes and devote them to the good of humanity, or that we do great things and leave them for the enlightenment of our descendants; it is going to insist that we broaden our sympathies, that we realize that our value as units of creation is in our ability to assist, to help those about us. The new age will demand honest men, men who can choose between right and wrong, not between heaven above and earth below, nor between complex and intricate questions of theology, but between the right and wrong of everyday life.

The future will demand of us that we be honest men, that we fit ourselves to the places which the development of the world has created, and that we be upright, safe, God-fearing men and women.

POWER AND AIM

DR. A. B. MELDRUM

FAILURE in life is seldom the result of the lack of power. Every man is endowed with the potency of a useful and successful life. Every youth should appreciate the fact that he has within himself enough of power to make his life noble and beautiful.

The secret of failure is not the lack of ability or power, but lack of aim. Power is lost by diffusion. No one element of personal power is more potent than singleness of power. No man can be so much of a man in any one direction as one who is a whole man in that direction. This

singleness of power, or power of singleness, makes the man of pre-eminent efficiency in every sphere of human endeavor. It is the want of this devotion, this singleness, this concentration, that is at the root of failure in the lives of tens of thousands.

The man who succeeds is the man who has a program, fixes his course, sticks to it, keeps his eye on the goal and steers straight for it. If you turn out failures, don't blame man, nor chance, nor circumstance; blame yourself. You may rise if you will, you may go down if you so determine. If I do nothing else to-day, I want to lay it upon the hearts and consciences of you young men that it is in you to make life a success, if you so will it. You want a chance, you have it. Time is your chance.

There are some who can make more out of an hour than others do out of a whole day. What makes the difference? This: Aim; the concentrated will; the resolute purpose; the constant, unwavering, determined effort. That makes the difference. Genius is only Latin for hard work. These are the things that make fortunes out of fragments.

Then, along with purpose and aim there must, in order to win life's noblest success, be a steady, persistent, hopeful, courageous, patient continuance in the course once begun. Success is not a matter of swelling, spasmodic enthusiasm. It is a matter of having a purpose and sticking to it until you achieve your purpose, being assured that you will achieve if you are not in too great a hurry. Bear in mind, if you are going to amount to anything, that your success does not depend upon the brilliancy and the impetuosity with which you take hold, but upon the everlasting and sanctified bull-doggedness with which you hang on after you have taken hold.

USES OF BEAUTY

EVEN the thought of a beautiful object is always sweet and pleasing. There never was a created thing possessed of the elements of beauty that was not of some use to some one.

What a display of surpassing beauty is brought out in the varying colors of a summer sunset! Every tint seems to reflect to us a beautiful thought. All the red and gold and purple seem to heighten the more somber shades and make a picture that, once seen, is never forgotten. And is not this all of use to us? It cheers our spirits. It lifts our minds into regions of higher thought. We feel less inclined to think of the common, while the deeper propensities of our nature are wrought upon, and surely it is always useful to us to have our better and deeper feelings touched.

The genuine pleasure that can be drawn from the source of beauty in nature is enough to compensate for half the trials and sorrows we have to bear. If it could be shown to us that our trials and sorrows spring from a source of beauty, we would feel reconciled toward them and almost invite misery to come to us just for the sake of gazing upon it.

Beauty may have many different effects upon us, varying with whatever mood we may be in. Sometimes it makes us feel almost ecstatic. We seem to forget everything but the charm of the beauty that holds us spellbound. Often it tends to make us feel sad and lonely. We feel incomplete. We long for something, but we know not what. And again, it makes us feel serene and contented. We may look upon a thing of marvelous beauty and seem to be quieted and soothed by it. But whatever the effect, it is always useful. It never tends to degrade or lower us in any way. And

though it may give us a feeling of quiet melancholy, it is always a melancholy that is worthy of our better selves.

Beauty does not exist solely in forms visible to the eye. If such were the case, what a sea of sorrow and blackness this world would be to the blind—they who never can behold the golden sun or penetrate the heavens at midnight, or unfold the secrets that lie hidden in a rose.

Yes, nature possesses other beauties, which they, too, can share. And one is the beauty of sound. The song of a bird or the murmur of a brook says just as much to the sightless as to those who can see. And all the delicate odors that pervade green nature are just as attainable to them as to those who have sight. And oh, the knowledge of beauty that can be conveyed through the medium of touch! The very feeling alone often indicates a superabundance of beauty. So, even to those who cannot behold it, beauty, that balm for every ill, can bring a hundred uses and untold charms.

Beauty seems to carry with it a mute language. When we hold a beautiful, trembling rose in our hand, it may almost seem for a moment as if it were a being of feelings and passions like ours. It seems as if we might read its thoughts and tell its feelings.

The flow of a river, that very poetry of motion, is another thing that seems to have life and language owing to its beauty.

What a dismal place home would be if no beauty existed there; even the smallest cottage may be made attractive if adorned outside by pretty lawns and flower gardens, and if inside the walls are decorated with pretty pictures and the room filled with modest, tasty furniture, and, best of all, if the faces of the occupants of the cottage are sunny and smiling; for a smile, wherever it is, is only a sudden

flash of beauty. And it is a thing of beauty, that has indeed a use, when it is reflected across the darkened sky of a troubled heart.

The use of beauty in every home is manifest to all. From the humblest cot to the grandest mansion, beauty is the soul of attraction. Beauty and love go hand in hand. Beauty creates love, and love is impossible without it. How could we love if there was nothing beautiful?

Truth, simplicity and virtue are all deep-hidden beauty, and without them and that crowning decoration, that part of beauty that is visible to the eye, nothing lovable is left.

We might all be passionless images, mere lumps of clay, for all that we could appreciate or feel. When we behold anything that we have never seen before, or hear a new song or poem, how unfailingly the beautiful steals in upon our minds. We judge of its merits more by the beauty it contains than by any of its other qualities. It is always the dominant feature, and makes the deepest and most lasting impressions.

What a great use beauty is in the sick-room. The life-giving effect of the pretty flowers brings a flush of healthful color to the wan, wasted cheek. The perfume and out-of-door air that is carried upon the dainty petals hasten the recovery of the invalid.

It is often said that beauty dies with the fading spring and summer, and is wafted away like "Summer evening's latest sigh that shuts the roses." But she is indestructible, and lives and blooms again as bright and fair as ever.

And though beauty were only a momentary spark, her passing light would still benefit us. When her influence is once felt, it never can be erased, but will live on, deeply engraved in our hearts—the brightest star in our existence.

MATERIAL WEALTH OF UNCLE SAM

JOHN P. STOUT

WE, as Americans, as citizens of the United States, as the sons and daughters of Uncle Sam, like to know about our country. We like to know of her people, of her possessions, of her progress, and of her wealth, her material wealth. We know and are exultant in the knowledge that our country is one of the richest in the world. For we ourselves are able to produce most of the necessities and luxuries of life. The wealth of our country is derived from five main sources, namely, agriculture, manufactures, mines, forests and fisheries.

Of these, agriculture is the most important. In the South, "Cotton is King." The old Southern planters thought that they would be victorious in the Civil War because the North could not get along without their cotton. The slaves cultivated it; now the same people do the work, but under far different conditions. No wonder the Southerners made their proud boast, for they produce three-fourths of the world's cotton, and export two-thirds of this raw.

The free and independent farmers of the North cultivate the golden maize that rivals in value the barren metal. Still farther north than the "corn belt," the hardy sons of toil reap wealth from the wheat fields and export one-third of their product in the form of flour.

All over the country, quantities of hay and oats are raised, while truck gardening is carried on mostly by men living near towns. The low, marshy land in the South is being utilized in rice culture.

Closely allied to agriculture is stock raising, slaughter-

ing and packing. So well do our citizens ply this trade that Europe depends mostly on our exports for their meat supply.

Next we speak of the wealth accruing from the manufactures. The value of the output in 1900 was \$8,388,000,-000, more than double that of the United Kingdom. In producing this amount, a vast army of trained workers are required.

The manufacture of machinery is one of the most important branches of this industry. Farm machinery, with which our sons of the soil plant, cultivate and reap their grain, locomotives which draw thousands of our people from one place to another, looms on which the clothes we wear are woven, presses by which our great papers are printed,—these and many other classes of machinery go to make up a great part of the manufactures of our country.

The main occupation of the people of the New England States is the manufacture of cotton and woolen cloth. When we consider the number of people in Massachusetts depending on the factories as a means of support, it is no wonder that at the close of the Civil War these people fell on their knees to thank God for the restored peace.

Then, there are the sweat shops of New York, with many people toiling daily, making most of the ready-made clothing for the country. There are many other important industries which help to swell the wealth of our country and give employment to many of our people.

The value of the mineral products of the United States is about one billion dollars a year. In the South, cotton may be "king," but to the world "coal is king." How often, when sitting comfortably in our warm houses in the dead of winter, do we think of the men who toiled and risked their lives underground to furnish us the means for warmth? When riding in a railroad car, do we think of

the miners who brought to the surface of the earth the means for the power of this fast method of transportation? Coal is ever fittingly called king, for it is the best fuel wherever a great amount of heat is necessary. Iron is second in importance, for now no machine of any kind is made in which some iron is not used, and a great per cent of it is all iron.

Copper, silver and gold are all found, but not in such quantities as coal and iron. The copper mines in Michigan have made the upper peninsula of that State one of the richest areas in the world. It has only been fifty-six years since gold was discovered in this country, yet in that short time we have reached second place as a producer of gold. The men who mine gold in Alaska to-day suffer untold hardships to supply us with that "gaudy metal" which we hold so dear. More silver, "that pale and common drudge 'tween man and man," is obtained in America than in any other country.

Petroleum is a very important product, while aluminum and zinc are being obtained in increasing quantities. Lead, phosphate rock and clay are all important in the mineral industry.

Forestry and fisheries are important and valuable industries, both as regards material value and also in producing a hardy, rugged, brave set of citizens. We are all familiar with stories of the brave deeds of the lumbermen who toil all winter in the great forests of Maine and the northwestern States.

The fishermen also, in adding \$43,000,000 a year to the material wealth of their country, run great risks and perform daring feats and brave deeds off the banks of Cape Cod and Newfoundland.

Now we have seen that our wealth is greater than that of

any other country, for we lead the world in every industry. So let us be thankful for the privilege of living in a land with such boundless resources.

MENTAL WEALTH OF UNCLE SAM

CHARLES DONELAN

ARE we a wealthy nation—a truly wealthy nation—wealthy in the best sense of the word? In our material wealth we challenge comparison with any country. But a nation that is rich only in material resources is no more truly wealthy than an illiterate millionaire. To be wealthy in the best sense, a nation, as well as an individual, must possess brain—developed brain. Has the United States brain? Is our mental wealth of as great a quantity and as fine a quality as that of other nations? To answer these questions it is necessary to consider for a moment the different divisions of mentality.

Mentality naturally divides itself into two intermingling parts, intelligence and intellectuality. Intelligence presages success; intellectuality is often a synonym for failure. Intelligence means common sense; intellectuality frequently does not. Intelligence is shrewd, keen, practical; intellectuality is artless, aspiring, ideal. Intelligence is the perfected product of a mediocre mentality, intellectuality is the boon of the Creator.

When we are considering which America possesses, intelligence or intellectuality, it is well to have Samuel Johnson's saying in mind. "Patriotism," said Doctor Johnson, "is the last refuge of scoundrels." To credit one's country with attributes that are not hers, to delude others into believing that we possess qualities that are not ours, are

acts that are prompted by the falsest patriotism. Every careful student of this subject agrees that though the United States can lay claim to much intelligence, it has not a great deal of intellectuality. They admit that we are a well-read nation, that more papers and periodicals are published in the United States than in the rest of the world together. They admit that we are a well-educated nation—that our public school system is the best in existence. All this they admit. But, they say, we are not productive of genius. They point to the fact that here we have a legion of pleasing rhymesters, a host of makeshift moralists, an army of ingenious inventors; while from despoiled Denmark comes Ibsen, the genius of the new drama; from mediæval Russia comes Tolstoi, the profoundest philosopher of the age; from indolent, ignorant Italy comes Marconi, the greatest scientist of the time. The rank and file of learning may live in America, but the captains of culture reside elsewhere.

The ideals of an age, however, determine the channels into which the mentality of that epoch shall run. Rome's ideal was government, and we have Octavius striving to perfect it. France's ideal was glory, and we have Napoleon trying to obtain it. Italy's ideal was the expression of the sublime and beautiful, and, lo! we have Michael Angelo, the creative genius. America's ideal—America's aim—has been the subjugation of the great natural forces of this broad continent, and her vigorous mentality has been used almost exclusively to create material wealth.

Mentality has been used to facilitate the production of material wealth in two ways, viz., by invention and by organization; and in these two things America is proudly pre-eminent. While other nations may boast of more scientists, the practical applications of scientific discoveries

are usually made by Americans. From Fulton to Edison, America can cite a long line of men whose mentality is of no mean order. In the organization of the forces of production no country can compare with us. We are driving European nations from the markets of Europe, we are vanquishing our business rivals in awakening Asia. Though the captains of culture reside elsewhere, the captains of industry are with us.

But we must never forget, even when contemplating this glowing picture of peace and prosperity, that the furthering of the increase of material wealth is not the highest use to which the mentality of a nation can be put. Carthage made the desert blossom as the rose, the sea was white with broad sails of her mighty trading vessels, she founded commercial colonies on many a distant shore. She worshiped Mammon with all the tremendous fervor of her gigantic strength, and she left to history but one name that is immortal—the name of Hannibal—Hannibal, who squandered her treasure and destroyed her trade, but sacrificed not her honor.

The worship of the Almighty Dollar is not an uplifting creed, and the highest type of mentality will not appear while it adorns the nation's public pedestal.

But we have every reason to believe that we shall not become a second Carthage. Art, despite the wails of the practical Philistines, is being introduced into the public schools. This will give the young mind a taste of what is beautiful—a taste which sordid greed will find hard to drive away. Then, too, triumphant commercialism made a great mistake when it tried to convert this government into a great oligarchy to be ruled by the captains of industry—when it endeavored to transform the government of, for and by the people into a “government of the people,

by the rascals, for the rich." The men whose fathers fought for liberty at Lexington and Bunker Hill, the men who left and are leaving Europe to escape medieval despotism, do not relish a trust tyranny, and the political awakening—the election of Roosevelt, Deneen, Folk and La Follette—tells of the coming revolt against commercialism. Immigration also will aid in the abolishment of the commercial ideal. The inhabitants of sunny Italy daily coming to our shores cannot but make their influence felt in determining a higher artistic temperament for this country.

All these things, then, the introduction of art into the schools, the political revolt against industrialism, the naturally artistic temperament of our immigrants,—all these things tend to diminish the influence of the commercial ideal, and, some day, inevitably, they will overthrow it.

But the fact that we are, as Roosevelt says, "essentially a commercial nation," need not discourage those who are anxious for America to make a name for herself in the fine arts. Said Edmond Aman Jean, the noted French critic: "My conviction is that, like Venice, the United States will have one day the most magnificent school of painting. Venice commenced, like America, by industry and commerce. She had her sellers before she had her painters."

But our hope lies not altogether in the dim and distant future. Already we have in literature the immortal names of Poe and Whitman; in philosophic politics, Jefferson and Lincoln; in painting, Whistler, La Farge and Sargent; in sculpture, St. Gaudens and Frederick Remington. And this is but the sowing time with us. We have planted well in soil that is rich and fertile, and in the nation's harvest tide, Uncle Sam will reap in measure full and fair the golden grain of genius.

MORAL WEALTH OF UNCLE SAM

NETTIE BOWLUS

IN the work of perfecting this highest quality of the nation, our country occupies the unique position of seeking the true solution of this great difficulty, the complete triumph of the spiritual, through the strait and narrow way of religious freedom. Free from the influence of any church, state, free from the governing power of king or throne, the people themselves are to be the makers of their own destiny; the priests of righteousness seeking on the breastplate of a pure purpose to know what is the highest truth and what the best means of gaining it.

The difficulties of the problem are increased by the fact that the American people can lay no claim to being homogeneous. They are not of one family, but of many families. Immigration has brought perplexities in its wake. It has brought to our shore men of all nationalities, and creeds, and ideals. Thinking this is a land of absolute freedom, they all too often act as if liberty meant license, and as if being free they were not bound by any claim of morality and right upon conscience or conduct, and so the higher life of the nation, instead of being promoted, is hindered.

One of the greatest factors for the promotion of morality in this country is the American newspaper. Not a city or town but possesses one of these servants of truth and liberty. The mere statement of the fact that in this country there are twenty thousand newspapers published from one to seven times a week, that their circulation runs from one thousand to twenty thousand an issue, and that each paper is read by from one to four persons, may serve

to show what a power for good this agency may be. It is safe to say that the great body of American editors are men of good ideals and desire the spread of civil righteousness among the people. Over and over again they have resisted the spread of evil, they have exposed corruption, they have spoken the highest truth persistently, till the people who read have fallen into line with their triumphant thought. The effect upon the history and progress of America of the writings of such men as Dana, and Halstead, and Greeley, and Watterson, and Curtis, cannot be easily told.

Let us take as our next factor those benevolent institutions flourishing among us in the shape of social settlements in the crowded parts of our great cities, and the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America. These forces are working down among the sills of society—the slums, where people are not simply poor, but have added degradation to poverty. These forces seek to raise the eyes and thoughts of the people among whom they work to better ways of living. They seek to put cleanliness for dirt, to impart some sense of order instead of squalid hideousness, to rouse a desire for better conditions, and thus produce out of the waste of our civilization, men and women who in themselves and in their children will become promising American citizens, living for that higher type of life of which America is the world's exponent. The Salvation Army, although only twenty-five years old last March, has done an untold amount of good. It is reaching a large class which the regular and established churches do not touch. It is preaching the gospel to the poor, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and comforting the sick. When the Salvationists first entered this country, their methods and actions created a prejudice against them, but this has gradually worn away, and they have won a

stronghold upon the masses. No one will be able to tell how successful has been their fight against evil until the final records of the world are closed.

Following close upon these efforts, and somewhat similar in character, may be mentioned the Fresh Air movement, by which the mothers and children from the slums of our great cities have been sent away to the seaside and to the country lanes and rural homes among the smaller towns of the land, where they have received the ministry of men and women whose lives have been more favored than the lives of God's own poor. Here for a few days at a time thousands of famished lives have been lovingly cared for, and then have gone back, after the days of rest and change, to carry into their poor and narrow conditions the memory of kindness received and of cheery words spoken, and to believe that God had not quite forgotten them, and that the hearts of all men were not unfeeling nor unkind.

One of the large problems facing us as a people is the problem of "Our Brother in Black," as he has been called. How shall we make this once enslaved people rise to the level of freedom and take their proper place and do their proper work in the varied life of America? Perhaps no force among us is of greater value than the well-known Tuskegee Industrial Institute, where, under the leadership of Booker T. Washington, thousands of colored men and women have been trained to follow profitable industries, to teach school, to practice intelligent home-making, to enter the professions or the government service, to become merchants, to engage in farming and, above all else, to achieve right and good and worthy manhood and womanhood, without which all these other things would come short in the making of the true life of the nation.

Rising higher in the graded scale of forces, take the

Young Men's Christian association, with its network of splendid buildings, each one of which is a busy hive of helpful influences thrown around the young men of our land to mold their lives in strength and beauty. No part of a young man's life is neglected by this wonderful organization. It reaches out to those whose training has been neglected and establishes classes at night by which the mind can be improved. It goes to the college graduate and teaches him to use his strength and influence for the enlightenment of men about him. It goes to the railroad man, it goes to the soldier and the sailor, it stands on the street corners on Sunday afternoons and pleads with men to be true to the best that is in them. It pleads for strong bodies, for well-trained minds, and, above all, for a clean and holy purpose to inspire both body and brain.

The spire of each church steeple points as a finger toward heaven, telling silently and solemnly of the glorious achievements of the church. These are only some of the factors standing for the moral crowning of the nation's life. But such as they are, they present that which is the salvation of our national existence. Other nations have gone down because they have forgotten that which is the highest good. But while America cares for the things of the spirit, while she seeks to ally herself with the eternal skies, she will live. All is not yet good, but setting our hearts upon the good, the time will come when the danger line will be passed.

" For truth over falsehood prevails

And the wrong shall be vanquished by night;

And the good and the true and the beautiful, too,

Shall conquer this land by their might."

UNCLE SAM—HIS CHARACTER

WILLIAM GRANT

IN the year 1812, Samuel Wilson, commonly known as "Uncle Sam," a commission merchant of New York, received a quantity of salt pork. The pork had been purchased by the United States government from a foreign firm for use in the army during the second war with Great Britain, the barrels in which the pork was shipped were marked "Samuel Wilson, U. S." No one seemed to know exactly what the letters "U. S." meant, for the name United States was then comparatively new. Upon being asked, a jolly fellow on the wharf facetiously answered that "U. S." stood for "Uncle Sam." The incident was taken as a joke. It made its way into the newspapers, passed from mouth to mouth, and was soon known the country over.

Thus the name came into prominence at a time when the character to whom the appellation was to be applied had not as yet taken definite form.

National nicknames, like national emblems, are symbolic of the unity of a nation. A national nickname embodies a character which can be shaped and held up before the mind so as to form a visible representation of the peculiarities of the nation—a character which stands out above all others as a representative type, and which in itself is an expression of the personality of the nation—a personality formed by association and sanctioned by usage. National nicknames are often selected and purposely applied simply to determine a national character; but the factor which far more often fixes the national nickname and makes it possible to link the name more easily with the character, is chance.

As has been seen, the latter mode, furthered by timely association, and assisted by fruitful gossip, served to extricate from the mass—to chisel from the quarry of confused peculiarities, our nation's chief characteristics and set them forth without prototype in a statue, which, though imaginary, is as real and everlasting as the solid rocks from which the statue might have been carved—a sculptured likeness embodying the personality of our well-known "Uncle Sam."

To be consistent, and to be something which shall readily appeal to the imagination of the people, a national character must be a composite being containing the most prominent idiosyncrasies of the nation. Is Uncle Sam, as at present pictured, characteristic of the nation?

Uncle Sam, like all other characters of the kind, can only live in that mighty medium—one of the most effective weapons ever placed in the hand of man—the cartoon. The cartoon has made him what he is. He cannot point to any one creator. He was not an inspiration of the moment, a stroke of genius. He was made piece by piece, each year keeping most of the old forms; throwing aside the useless, and adding something new; a product of a century of evolution; a gradual survival of the fittest, resulting from the unconscious natural selection of popular approval. This has been the work of the cartoon.

The early cartoons pictured Uncle Sam as would naturally be supposed; dressed in the early American style, in the garb of Franklin, with the short breeches and buckled slippers, the powdered wig and swallow-tailed coat. He then appeared as a rather sage old man, walked with a cane, and his features have little resemblance to the Uncle Sam of to-day. The next change is noted just before the Civil War. He has donned the plug hat, the long red and white striped trousers, and the leather boots.

The coat is the swallow-tailed shape, but, unlike the coats of our Uncle Sam, it is of a plain black color.

The figure is lean and lank. The most striking difference is in the face. The features are pointed, but he is given a much younger appearance by the absence of the chin whiskers and the fact that the hair is black instead of gray.

Some of the most excellent pictures of Uncle Sam were produced during the late Spanish-American War. Through these portrayals, his carriage and features have become familiar to all. One of the cartoons pictures him as a very corpulent man, with a rural air, standing on a pair of scales which touch the six-hundred pound mark. In one corner is written: "Dear Doctor: The medicine which you prescribed has helped me greatly. I am picking up wonderfully. Signed, Uncle Sam." On the stripes in Uncle Sam's trousers are written Porto Rico, Philippines and Hawaii, while near by, looking on in evident amazement, stood John Bull, Germany, France and the other powers. Probably one of the best late cartoons is one which pictures Uncle Sam seated at the dinner table. The butler, well portrayed in the fine physique and excellent bearing of the late President McKinley, is bringing in on a platter a large, steaming turkey, marked "Philippines." Uncle Sam motions him back, saying, "Take it away, William, take it away. I cannot digest that without a strain on my constitution."

Uncle Sam is not extravagant in his dress. A suit of clothes lasts him a long time. But not long ago he procured a new suit, which he wears on special occasions. And lo! now the backwoodsman, the lean, lank and awkward figure of the rural districts, stands before us in his new garb; can we believe it, a full dress suit?

He appears to be as comfortable in this new dress as in his old one. He is the same man, at any rate. The change in costume has not altered his character in the least. We still see the angular, honest Yankee face; the shrewd and kindly twinkle of the eye, the care-furrowed forehead, the gray hair and chin whiskers. We still feel that air of freedom, equality and justice which is the very essence of the grand old man. Then do we ask if he is characteristic of the American nation? Is there not something about him which is dear to us? Are not his qualities our ideal qualities? We answer in the affirmative. It is true that Uncle Sam is probably less representative of the average American than—for instance—John Bull of the average Briton. John is always pictured as a country gentleman. His prototype, in fact, was Farmer George, depicting George the Third as a gaping, dull-witted yokel. John Bull is probably not wholly a type of the average Briton. It would be almost impossible for a national type to be representative of the average citizen. The function of the national character is to represent the whole nation, and we feel safe in saying that Uncle Sam, the accepted national character of the American people, is truly a representative type of the American nation. His character is fixed the same as that of any other individual. Change him if you will. Do away with one of his peculiarities if you can. The cartoonist has made him, but what cartoonist to-day would venture upon any radical departure from the established type—a bearded John Bull, a smooth-shaven Uncle Sam? It may be that in the gaunt, loose-knit frame, the strong and rugged features, we recognize a kinship to that sterling and essential American type of man which found its best exponent in that first American, Abraham Lincoln.

But whatever may be the theories concerning the exist-

ence of Uncle Sam, we must concede that he is the one character to whom all parties may look for unity. In him all trace of the distinction between North and South is obliterated; he is not a type of the North alone; he is not a type of the South alone; he is a character whose idiosyncrasies are those of the whole nation and of the nation only. And he is fixed in the minds and hearts of the American people, there to remain until the incentives which have made him shall have passed away.

Uncle Sam is young. He has been somewhat hardened by contact with the world, but he is still vigorous and youthful. Since he first became of age he has grown immensely. From little Sammy he has risen to the gigantic proportions of Uncle Sam. He first measured from the Atlantic to the Alleghanies, and from Maine to Florida. But he soon begins to grow, and the next measurement shows him almost twice as large. His reach now extends from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes. Again, in 1803, the mark on the wall is twice as high as the one below it, and now Uncle Sam grasps in his mighty hand the vast dominions of Louisiana. Sixteen years later the tape is in danger of becoming a patch in U. S.'s trousers. Twenty-six years pass in the eventful life of the maturing Sammy, and Texas, with the other territories which formed the Texas annex, file in and take their places beside their sister States, thus becoming the daughters of Uncle Sam. The northwest territory soon lengthens his coast and broadens his shoulders, and Alaska has since become his adopted daughter.

Thus Uncle Sam has grown. He has been built piece by piece, with patch on patch; yet so skilful the workmanship and so closely cemented the parts that he is one homogeneous body. No seam is discernible where Florida, Louis-

iana, Texas and Alaska were stitched to his dress. They form a personage who has a nationality. He is not German ; he is not French ; he is not British ; he is every inch American. And now Uncle Sam's stride reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific ; his long arms span the distance from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, while with one move he can thrust his mighty hand into his ample trousers' pocket and, like the boy that he still is, finger the lately earned coins stamped Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Alaska.

Although Uncle Sam has been almost as large for the last half century as he is to-day, he is better known and far more respected than he ever was before. What have his neighbors thought of him in the past ? In 1776 John Bull, conscious only of his own growth, thought he would step across and spank his wilful son Sammy. But when he arrived, he found he had a man to cope with, and instead of spanking, Mr. Bull carried back across the water the sad forget-me-nots of dire defeat. In 1812, scarcely had the prestige of Uncle Sam's victory paled, when the old gentleman in the red coat conceived the idea of spending a short vacation in whipping the boy, but Sammy administered him a dose that was a little too bitter for his palate, and Mr. Bull has ever since been reminded by the unpleasant taste in his mouth. In '61, U. S. again demonstrated to his neighbors the mettle that coursed in his veins, and while the foreign powers were complacently contemplating with sparkling eyes the rich prizes of territory they would receive when the new republic would be divided, Uncle Sam brought back his truant daughters, and the rich prizes which the powers were beholding proved to be but alluring sirens in the blue sky of hope. But it was in 1898 that Uncle Sam's name took a great bound in the markets of the world. Previous to this time he was just as strong as

he is now, yet in many places abroad his name was laughed at and his flag scarcely noticed. But when little, self-confident Spain stepped on his corns and the old man spit on his hands and doubled up his fists and it was all over, no commodity, no piece of furniture has since been too good for foreign peoples. The war with Spain was simply a demonstration to the world of what kind of a citizen Uncle Sam is. Lately, President Castro of Venezuela, looking through his field-glass, thought he saw, trembling before the mighty forces, the mimic Uncle Sam, but when he took his eye away he found that he had been looking through the wrong end of the glass, and his threat to invade the Mississippi valley with the overwhelming force of fifteen thousand strong immediately evaporated.

Uncle Sam, the plain citizen of the Western Hemisphere, is to-day the most respected person in the world. We can only hope that he may continue so. Our best wishes for the future of the grand, honest, liberal American is that his deeds in time to come may be as just as they have been in the past.

His future can probably not be better expressed than it was by a man in a Florida convention. A member of the convention was called upon to bound the possessions of Uncle Sam. He arose and stated that Uncle was bounded on the north by Canada; on the east by the Atlantic ocean; on the south by the Gulf of Mexico and Mexico; and on the west by the Pacific ocean. Another man quickly arose and said not so. The possessions of Uncle Sam are bounded on the north by the Arctic circle; on the east by the rising sun; on the south by the Antarctic circle, and on the west by the setting sun. A third man jumped up and said that the other two were not good enough; that Uncle Sam was

bounded on the north by Purgatory, on the east by Paradise, on the south by Hades, and on the west by the Golden Gates.

KITES WITH TOO LARGE TAILS

STARTING a kite from the earth and letting it ascend in the air, if its tail is properly proportioned to its body, it will soar out of sight; but if its tail proves too large for its body, it will rise only a short distance, then suddenly fall.

May not the man starting on the business voyage of life be compared to the flying of a kite? If the business is constructed in conformity with well-established rules, principles or laws governing business, if the winds are favorable, it will rise successfully; but if such laws are violated or ignored in business, kite-flying failure inevitably results.

What is the cause of so many failures in this world of opportunity? The answer comes quickly and truthfully: Most of the people who fail are attempting to fly a kite with too long a tail.

One of the illy constructed kites of American life is the growing inclination of so many young men to get their living by their wits, and to leave agricultural, mechanical or other manual labor to be monopolized by foreigners.

Our youth are hardly out of their jackets before they are led, sometimes by a certain class of writers and thinkers, and very often by doting parents and friends, to look with scorn upon the place in life to which Providence has assigned them. These same people lead the youth to start a struggle to become congressmen, foreign ministers, major-generals, or to get some other equally absurd station in life, when their fitness is taken into consideration. Young people are told they may do these things as well as not if they only will.

Urged on by these influential persons, they rush into some business they know nothing about, thinking that to be a lawyer or merchant, whether fitted for that position or not, is more honorable than being a farmer or mechanic. The consequence is that the brain-work is too much for them, and they fail, the kite being too small for the tail. They forget that all callings are honorable if pursued with an honorable spirit.

A youth who might become a first-class farmer chances to have been born of ambitious parents, who think it more honorable for their son to handle the lancet than the plow; and so make him a doctor. He is sent to college, pushed through Latin and Greek, attends lectures, gets a diploma, and his vacant head settles down to kill people scientifically, to pour, as Voltaire said, "drugs of which he knows little into bodies of which he knows less."

A lad designed for a shoemaker is spoiled by being trained for the profession of literature, reminding one of Lessing's sarcasm:

"Tompkins forgets the last and the awl
For literary squabbles:
Styles himself poet; but his trade
Remains the same, he cobbles."

The youth who starts out in life determined to make the most of his eyes, and let nothing escape him, who keeps his ears open for every sound that can help him on his way, who keeps his hand open that he may clutch every opportunity, who keeps his heart open that he may catch every noble impulse and everything that will inspire him, will be sure of success.

He should not think he is without a chance in life if he lacks capital. The chances are that he would be ruined if he

had capital. He can only use to advantage what has become a part of himself by his earning it. God has given every man a capital to start with; he is born rich. He is rich who has good health, a sound body and good muscles; he is rich who has a good head, a good disposition and a good heart.

Kites rise against the wind, not with it. No man ever worked his way anywhere in a dead calm. Perseverance, patience, and willingness to bide one's time, are necessary to success. Greatness consists, not in waiting with folded hands to claim life's prizes and without previous effort, but in toiling and struggling with no immediate results, yet standing firm.

Two lawyers begin to practice at the same time. One gives all his energies to his profession, lays in day by day a stock of legal learning, constructs his kite, and waits patiently for years for an opportunity to demonstrate his skill in flying it. The other, restless and impatient, plunges into politics, gets a large tail for a small kite, fails and becomes an insurance agent, or engages in speculation. In a few years the latter will be without property, and in debt, while the former will have a profitable and growing business. His kite will soar on, without any apparent effort of his. Hardly anything is more fatal to success in business than the impatience for immediate results. All those kinds of business which pay best in the long run, and which are surest in the end, are slowest in the beginning to yield a return. Hold fast to your string, would you succeed in flying your kite.

Dr. Johnson says: "Let it be your first care not to be in any one's debt; resolve not to be poor; whatever your income, spend less." It is difficult for a man who is constantly in debt to be truthful, hence it is said, "Lying rides

on debt's back." A man out of debt, though with a flaw in his shoe-leather, is still the son of liberty; free as the singing lark above him. But the debtor, though royally clothed, is a slave to be reclaimed at any moment by his owner—the creditor.

Hardly anything is more fatal to success in business than the all-absorbing anxiety for wealth, which is so characteristic of the time we live in. Instead of aiming to do a snug, easily managed business, which will yield a reasonable reward, the great fault of many who start in the race for life is that they are not willing to creep before they walk, walk before they run, or run before they attempt to fly.

Speculation is another fruitful cause of failure; too many know parallel examples of the speculation, which is told in the short poem:

"Monday, I dabbled in stock operations;
Tuesday, owned millions by all calculations;
Wednesday, my Fifth Avenue palace began;
Thursday, I drove out a spanking bay span;
Friday, I gave a magnificent ball—
Saturday, smashed, with nothing at all."

"The darkest day," says Horace Greeley, "in any man's career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of earning a dollar than by squarely earning it."

Another cause of business failure is lack of liberality in business dealing. There are business men who never advertise, saying one will get as much custom by not advertising as by doing so. But this is hardly true, as the following frequently occurring cases go to show. There are two doctors who have just begun their professional career. Dr. Easy puts his card on his door and then sits down and

waits patiently for patients. If some one is unfortunate enough to break a leg or be seized with an attack of vertigo at his very door, he may secure a patient.

Not so with Dr. Push. He not only puts a stunning brass plate on his door, but gets himself puffed in the newspapers, dresses in the height of fashion, talks learnedly of asphyxia, looks wise as an owl, and keeps a splendid 2:40 horse before he has a visit to make. He hires persons to startle his neighbors at midnight with the peal of his bell; is frequently called out of church as being instantly wanted. Instead of sitting down in his office he scours the streets and adjoining country with his carriage, neglecting no form of advertisement, and is probably earning two thousand a year before Dr. Easy has heard the rap of his first patient. Now, of the two, Dr. Push may be the humbug, but he is certainly not the fool.

Dr. Easy's policy is like that of the farmer who sows three pecks of grain where he should have sown five, and is recompensed for his leanness of spirit, by reaping eight bushels of grain instead of twenty.

Still another cause of failure in business is the robbery of employers by their clerks. Hardly a day goes by that we do not hear of some dishonest bank president or some thieving agent. Often the merchants themselves are to blame for being thus victimized. Merchants half pay a clerk, calculating that if he can keep from starving it is sufficient. Then the clerk very wrongly accepts the situation, intending to fly just as big a kite as his employer, and, to make up the deficiency of wages, takes what does not belong to him.

Let every young man who is shocked by thought of failure avoid, as far as possible, flying a kite with too large a tail. Let him resolve early to look his affairs squarely in

the face. Eloquently has Douglas Jerrold said: "Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be biscuit and onion, dines in a palace."

"ICH DIEN" (I SERVE)

At the close of the battle of Crecy, the result of the conflict was to be seen in the hosts of the dead and dying Bohemians scattered over a battle-field, almost saturated with the blood of its victims. As the Black Prince, then only a lad of sixteen, passed over the field, he came upon the King of Bohemia, lying slain among his followers. This old sovereign was blind, and had gone into the battle-field with his horse tied to those of two trusted knights. The humble, yet splendid motto, "Ich Dien" (I Serve), attracted the attention and won the admiration of the Black Prince, who adopted it for his own, and it has been handed down to the present Prince of Wales. What a grand serving was this of the blind old king! His love of people and country must have been very strong to impel him to go into battle without being able even to guide his own horse.

All down the ages, we find just such heroes of the world in quite the same manner, for history's pages show many as noble. Comparatively few have distinguished themselves on the battle-field, not many where the multitude has seen and applauded; but many have, unconsciously and unperceived, honorably performed their part in the world's work. Through a kindness done, a word spoken, or a high standard upheld, they have influenced others for good. These, in turn, have extended similar services to others, and so it has passed on and on until the impetus to usefulness of some great soul may be traced

back to the apparently trifling act performed so long before. Each of these persons was necessary. His work would have remained undone, had he neglected it, and the result would have been imperfect. He would have fitted no other sphere so well as his own.

Work is ennobling, but if all our motives are selfish ones, nothing worth striving for is accomplished. Life would hardly be worth living if our thoughts were for ourselves. All the beauty in nature was made for our enjoyment, so our actions should be for the good of those around us.

In this busy world we see constantly being demonstrated the fact that he who does great deeds is the one who starts out to do them, whose only ambition is to attain the highest in life, and who works unceasingly for that end; he who leads the army to victory is the one who, with brave heart and undaunted courage dares go to the front and offer his services. The one with high aim and firm purpose, with unselfish ambition and longing for the ideal, knows no failure or defeat.

Every one has, at some time, a desire to do something that will be for the good of humanity. When in the presence of noted people, or when we stand before the lifelong work of some genius, how intense is our desire to do something by which we may be remembered. It is an old and oft-quoted proverb that "Where there's a will, there's a way." Though the way be beset with difficulties, and progress seems almost impossible, yet, by overcoming those obstacles that are nearest, a way through the others may be opened.

If we are not watchful, under the impulse of these ardent yearnings, days will be filled with day-dreaming and castle-building, and will glide silently by, leaving behind them

a long procession of little deeds that might have been done, and which are, in reality, the small links which would have formed a powerful chain.

Few of all those whom we term great took up their work merely because it promised wealth; neither did they achieve success by spasmodic toil. Few but whose impetus was the desire for the well-being of their fellow-men. Their noblest deeds were performed when thought of self was entirely absent. They were obliged to struggle on patiently and painfully against all kinds of obstacles and discouragements. But they were victorious at last!

We cannot all be Joans of Arc, Shakespeares, Lincolns, Edisons, John B. Goughs or Clara Bartons, but we may be true men and women, doing with our might what we can do, and leaving the rest for some one who has the requisite qualifications.

The test to be applied in a decision as to the merits of an industry for a life-work is the question whether it will be instrumental in strengthening one's own character, inspiring others, or helping humanity.

The possibility of leading an honest, noble, useful life, which, without anything further, would be a success, is as much within the reach of the humblest toiler as of the king on his throne. Most of the failures in life are due to the lack of interest in one's work. The person is driven by his work instead of driving his work. What he lacks is enthusiasm. Some one has ably defined this as a "fire of solid old hickory or anthracite, which makes the steam which makes the power that draws the ponderous train and all the people after it." That which is commonly called personal magnetism is, in truth, only enthusiastic treatment of the subjects which present themselves. Undeniably it is the characteristic of greatness and power.

We cannot hope to grasp all there is to life in our few years. Time can be taken only for the essential things. Exertion should be put forth only for the accomplishment of that which will result in the most permanent good for the greatest number. We find that we cannot lead an individual existence; that we are of a great multitude, each of whom is dependent upon brother man, not only for his existence, but also for his happiness. Hence the more we do for others, the more shall we receive in return, whether it be of good cheer, pecuniary assistance, or personal protection.

Since our lives possess such a great influence over those of others, how important it is that we should do our best, measuring our success by the services we are able to render to others.

There are a few persons who seemingly delight in being miserable, but most people desire to be happy. True happiness may only be obtained through the medium of usefulness, making our chief aim in life not the furtherance of our own selfish interests, but the advancement of our brother's welfare.

In whatever position one is placed, whether "on the heights" or "in the valley," if one would enjoy life he must work, if not with his hands, then with his eyes, his mind and his heart.

FOOTPRINTS

If a person were lost on some desolate and unknown shore, or broad plain, how welcome would be the sight of a footprint which might suggest some trail to civilization.

But if the footprint discovered was that of some wild beast, or of an Indian's moccasin, he might conclude that

he was in an uncivilized country. Like Robinson Crusoe, when he discovered the print of a naked foot upon the sand, he would be in constant terror lest he should suddenly come upon some savage tribe. The shadow of every rock and the rustle of the leaves, would bring to his excited mind the image of some savage.

So when we are traveling on the broad shore of life, discouraged, the sight of some footprint left on the sand gives us new courage and hope, and we will endeavor to follow more nearly those whose work in life has been a good example to us. There are a few footprints, however, which alarm us as much as the print of an Indian's moccasin—those of people whose lives have been blotted with some great crime. We instinctively turn in another direction and sigh at the thought of following them.

We are constantly advancing from the darkness into the light of truth and knowledge. Some one makes a new discovery in science or art, which his successors eagerly follow up, and when they have no longer any tracks to guide them, they cautiously advance a few steps farther. All great leaders have been inspired with a great belief, and in this manner the path of knowledge widens as time advances.

When a person abandons the footprints of others, who are accepted as authority, and independently starts in a new direction, though he may be eagerly searching for truth, he is more likely to receive the ridicule of the public than its sympathy. Some are possessed of a faith so expansive, and a hope so elastic, that they will keep on, believing and hoping, till all danger is past and victory is sure.

For instance, for nearly two thousand years the theorem of Aristotle was accepted and taught. This theorem

declared that "the velocity of falling bodies is in proportion to their weight." Galileo doubted this statement, and found by actual experiments from the leaning Tower of Pisa, that a ten-pound ball would fall no faster than one weighing five pounds.

But when he ventured to contradict the theorem of Aristotle and give to the people the real facts as shown by his own actual experiments, he met with great opposition. The so-called scientific men of the age forced him to fly from his home and seek protection, for daring to disregard their teachings. It is even hinted that he was put to the rack until he detracted many of his beliefs.

Cyrus Field, the inventor of the Atlantic cable, spent many years in perfecting this communication, second only in importance to the discovery of this country. It was a long, hard struggle. Thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil were his, but think of what that enthusiast accomplished by his untiring energy!

The delicate impressions of leaves and ferns found in the vast coal beds, the petrified shells, tracks of curious animals and the scratches of boulders left on the mountain sides are all footprints which lead the geologist to a correct knowledge of this earth's condition thousands and perhaps millions of years before man existed. By means of these and many other facts we are able to open the book of nature to pages long since passed, and gaze with interest and wonder at the pictures there engraved.

When in the presence of noted people, or when we stand before the lifelong mark of some genius, how intense is our desire to do something by which we may be remembered. If our imaginations are good, we will build such castles as are rarely inhabited. All kinds of impressive scenes occur, of which we are always the central and ad-

mired figure ; but with a start we remember that life is real.

But we need not sit and sigh because we are not endowed with the genius of a sculptor, for we can effectually aid in molding the character of those around us. If our work is successful, it should give us greater pleasure than the chiseling of some imposing statue, faultless in form and feature.

Our lives will be just what we ourselves make them, and even though we may not become great in the usual sense of the word, still, as Longfellow says, "We may all make our lives sublime." And perhaps our works and deeds may make some one's life better and more cheerful.

Such impressions as we may leave behind us, though faint, should not be uncertain, but clearly defined for the good and true.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

R. J. BURDETTE

REMEMBER, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things,—you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m., and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals ; it lends solidity to your slumbers ; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat, and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

HOW TO MAKE COMMENCEMENT SUCCESSFUL

TO IMAGINE that the instructor's lot in preparing and carrying out a successful Commencement program is a bed of roses, is a delusion; and a knowledge of the best methods in preparing the student for this important occasion is as necessary as in any other calling.

A few suggestions to teachers or others having this work in charge, and the means of removing many of the difficulties that beset the one doing such work, may be found beneficial.

To begin with, the instructor should give some general advice in regard to selection of composition subjects,—what subject would in your opinion prove of most interest, why others would not, etc. The topics themselves should, however, be left to the choice of the pupils, lest some get subjects in which they feel no interest and therefore of which they can make no success. Once they have chosen their subjects and written their essays, you should encourage them in their work, by being free and patient with your criticisms and charitable with your help. Let them re-write until they have their essays in correct shape.

Now the graduate is ready to commit his oration to memory. Before so doing, you should take each pupil separately, go over his subject matter with him carefully, explaining as you go along the need and place for emphasis,

inflection and rhetorical pauses. Upon every one should be impressed the importance of memorizing his lines perfectly. It is best to do away with prompting altogether.

When this has been done, you are ready for individual rehearsals, of which each pupil should receive several. Call attention to defects in position, voice, etc., and when you criticize, do so in a kind and courteous way, so as not to injure the feelings of the pupil, but to inspire in him an ambition to improve. Mention, also credit wherever you observe any improvement, and commend the pupil on his progress.

If the programs during the year be entirely in the hands of the president of the class and his assistant officers, under the ever-watchful eye of the teacher (to keep the programs up to the standard of excellence), there will be need of but one full rehearsal; for young people soon adapt themselves to surroundings.

If this method is pursued, the bashful boy and girl will gain assurance, and will be able to take their place on the stage at the close of the year. But if, on the other hand, the teacher alone has had charge of these exercises, it will be necessary to hold several class rehearsals, and may be found desirable to have the class offer suggestions and criticisms. These, of course, must be clothed in the kindest spirit, otherwise more harm than good will come of them.

At the last rehearsal all pupils should be required to be on hand at an appointed hour, and the order of the program should be followed as though the regular exercises were being performed.

A few heart-to-heart talks between yourself and the pupils may prove of great value. Decide on class motto, class colors, invitations, programs, decorations and whatever else may be needed. Impress upon them the importance

of learning their parts, that this occasion is considered a memorable event by their friends and the community in general, and therefore the desirability of making a creditable showing, the necessity of keeping in good physical condition, etc.

Commencement day should be a day of rest, preparatory to the exercises in the evening. All school duties, rehearsals, class meetings, etc., should be abandoned. The class should be assembled and in readiness about half an hour before the time to begin the program. See that ample accommodations, good ventilation, etc., are provided for the audience.

And, as the fateful hour approaches, be calm and cheerful, and you will have better success. Remember that nervousness is contagious, and surely you wouldn't want to spread the disease among your class. As the comfort of the audience has been assured, and all else is in perfect order, keep your mind on the Commencement exercises, and that alone.

These are simple suggestions—almost too simple, it may seem, to put on paper; yet I am sure, from observation and experience, that there is a great deal of help in them, and if they are followed with such others as may have proved helpful, many of the trials attendant upon Commencement may be avoided and a successful program assured.



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